The Outlook

JULY 3, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

ITALY'S VICTORY—AND OURS

The armies of General Diaz on the Italian front have not merely checked the Austrian offensive; they have turned it into what may perhaps become an Italian offensive. In the successive reports from day to day we heard first of the enormous extent in importance of the Austrian offensive; then of the relatively slight gains made by Austria compared with what might be expected in such an attack; then that the enemy's advance was positively withstood and held; and, finally, that the Austrians had at many points turned back in retreat, and that something like an Austrian rout was in progress.

The whole story gives cheering and positive evidence of the restoration of morale and efficiency in the Italian army since the disaster of last year. By the end of the first week of the Austrian effort to crush Italy the Italian Prime Minister, Signor Orlando, was able to announce that a real Italian victory had been gained. On June 24 the Italian War Office announced the capture of forty-five thousand prisoners and of enormous quantities of munitions, provisions, and guns, ranging from the largest field cannon to hundreds of machine guns. It also reported that many thousands of Austrian soldiers were retreating in a most disorderly way, throwing away their arms and running for their lives. A statement most welcome to Americans was added, to the effect that American airmen are doing good service with their Italian and British comrades in the prolonged battle.

In an order of the day General Diaz declared: "The enemy who with furious impetuosity used all means to penetrate our territory has been repulsed at all points. His losses are very heavy. His pride is broken. Glory to all commands, all soldiers, all sailors!" And Luigi Barzini, the correspondent of the "Corriere della Sera," concludes his report by saying:

> As the Italians realized that on the Marne, the Oise, and the Aisne the destinies of Italy also were in the balance, so the Allies ought to realize to-day what Italian heroism has achieved for the whole Entente cause and ought to honor the Piave as a sanctified stream in the struggle for the liberation of the world.

That America was honored by having some participation in this victory of Italy will be a cause for pride in future years.

The most decisive gains of the Italians were precisely where the Austrians had at the beginning made the farthest advance, namely, on the lower stretches of the Piave. Here, in the first days of the drive, nearly 100,000 Austrians crossed the river on improvised bridges. But their position on the western bank was from the start exposed to Italian artillery fire, and later their retreat was largely blocked by the destruction of their bridges, either by Italian gunners or by the sudden swelling of the flood of the Piave River. Thousands were cut off and perished on the western bank. Farther north, at Montello, on the right bank of the Piave, a point between the Asiago Plateau and the line along the lower Piave, a tremendous struggle was carried on between the opposing forces. When, on June 24, it was announced that the Montello position had been evacuated by the Austrians, proof of complete defeat was established.

THE EFFECT OF ITALY'S VICTORY ON AUSTRIA AND HER GERMAN MASTERS

Austrian defeat is certain to be injurious from the internal point of view as well as from the military standpoint. A Vienna paper says: "The manometer is at 99, and the Government must take this fact into consideration"—a cryptical way of indicating that the political and industrial situation is one of such high pressure that the bursting point is nearly reached. Both before and after the failure of the Austrian armies there have come repeated reports of political agitation, industrial riots, and desperate food conditions. At Vienna and Budapest demonstrations of protest have been followed by conflicts between the police and the rioters. In Budapest, for instance, on June 22, nine strikers were killed and thirty-six others wounded. In Vienna the crowd shouted "Down with Germany!" and "The Germans want to starve us!" This food outcry is all the more violent because of Germany's cold-blooded declination to help Austria in her extremity.

Austria will now undoubtedly call upon Germany for military support, and it is at least doubtful whether Germany is in a position to give that support without weakening her western offensives. Such a flat failure as the German attack on Rheims (June 18) is significant; it was called a feint in German despatches, but no corresponding serious attack followed. Mr. Lloyd George intimated in a speech last week that a new German offensive was then on the point of being launched on the western front and that the comparative quiet of the last week or two on that front meant simply preparation for the new effort. Probably Austria will have to wait until this new drive has been pushed to the utmost before she can hope for military assistance from Germany, and, if it fails, the general position of the Central Powers will be weaker than for a long time.

Three months have now elapsed since the great German assault on the Allies began; nearly half the season most favorable for fighting is over and the Allies still hold firm, while America is constantly and rapidly increasing its forces in Europe.

AMERICA TO THE FRONT

The announcement by General March, Chief of the General Staff of the Army, made on June 22, that nine hundred thousand American troops had been sent overseas up to that date is an evidence of fine and quick work in transportation and organization. The English Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, in the address to which we have already referred, said: "It is an amazing piece of organization which has enabled the bringing of such vast numbers of first-rate American troops to France."

Since General March a week before this announcement said that eight hundred thousand troops had been sent overseas, and since Secretary Baker a week before that said that seven hundred thousand had been sent, the recent rate of troop movement has obviously been about one hundred thousand a week—an immense increase over anything previous, and the more extraordinary because of the distance, the enormous task of providing for the troops, and the limitations of shipping.

Another interesting announcement by General March was the naming of three American divisions which have done the most notable fighting in France. These are: the First (Regular Army) Division, under Major-General Bullard; the Forty-second Division (Rainbow Division), under General Menoher; and the Twenty-sixth Division (the New England Division), under Major-General Edwards. In this connection General March praised most cordially the work done by Americans at Cantigny and near Château Thierry.

It is also now positively known that American soldiers are holding the fighting line for a distance of thirty-eight miles on the western front and that "all-American" forces hold six different sections of the line, apart from the American units which are brigaded with British and French units.

Recent news of American war energies tells of a raid across the Marne in which American patrols took prisoners and drove

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back the German patrols encountered, and of important work in Belleau Wood, which is now entirely occupied by Americans, who have cleared the Germans out altogether from this strategically valuable point on the Marne front northwest of Château Thierry.

The shipping situation, as well as the military situation, is encouraging. It was announced last week that on July 4 no fewer than eighty-nine ships would be launched from shipyards under control of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Their total tonnage will be 439,886 dead-weight tons. Thirty-seven of these ships are of steel. From the Hog Island plant comes the news that fifty shipways will soon be completed—twenty-two are now finished—and that the first launching from this yard will take place on July 4.

"Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit." These men and these ships are translating these words of the President into deeds. It is leadership of action that the people of America crave and are now finding in President Wilson. And the more they have of it, the more will their enthusiasm and their confidence grow.

OUR CZECHOSLOVAK ALLIES

News as welcome as it is extraordinary has lately come over the cable as to the progress of the Czechoslovak army which is making its way through Russia to Vladivostok with the announced purpose of taking ship from Siberia and joining the French, British, Italian, and American armies on the western front. It is said that already nearly twenty thousand of these haters of German rule have already reached Vladivostok and that about the same number are now advancing eastward on the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway, cutting off as they go rail and wire communications between eastern Siberia and western Russia. These facts, oddly enough, are stated in a despatch from Moscow.

Other accounts state that these forces, or some of them, fought German troops in the region east of Kiev and defeated them; that the Czechs then obtained permission from the Bolshevik leaders to march to Vladivostok; and that recently, at Irkutsk, one section of the traveling army was set upon by an immensely stronger force of Bolshevik Red Guard, but resisted them fiercely and in the end gained their point of being allowed to proceed eastward.

It is evident that both at Kiev and at Irkutsk this anti-German military movement has had sympathy from Russian peasants, and there are indications of peasant revolts on a large scale because of Germany's levies of forced contributions of grain.

The question is at once suggested whether, assuming these reports to be substantially credited, this little army might not serve the Allies better if it is persuaded to halt not very far from the eastern coast of Siberia, and there help form a nucleus of an Allied army which, with Japan in the lead, may help make a new eastern front against Germany. There are other sources (besides the troops of the Allies already at Vladivostok or in the ships lying there) which need only a place of gathering and a source of supplies to roll up an army the very presence of which, moving forward along the Siberian Railway, would cause Germany to think twice before leaving its eastern predatory gains unguarded.

The hatred of the Slavs for the Central Powers is indicated in many ways. We have all read with great pleasure and pride of the recent appearance of the Polish Legion raised in this country, largely under the inspiration of Paderewski's efforts, and now on the fighting line on the western front. And now these Polish soldiers have been recognized in France as the army of the Polish nation, and hereafter are to fight under the flag of the Polish White Eagle. The Slavic Legion idea is capable of immense expansion in this country. It has been estimated that possibly half a million Slavs who hate Germany and Austria can be recruited here for what has been called a semi-autonomous army. To be sure, such volunteers may be executed if captured by the enemy. It is an indication of the spirit and feeling of the Czechs and other Slavs who thus enlist that they know that they are incurring the double danger of death on the firing line and death as the revolting subjects of the nations which have oppressed and abused t[illegible] they assume this double danger freely and even [illegible] wonder that Senator Lewis, of Illinois, said r[illegible] Senate: "The United States must invite the [illegible] Poles, and other people of Russia who seek natio[illegible] for freedom. The United States must aid these pe[illegible] an army and protect Siberia and central Russ[illegible] absorbed by Germany."

THE BULGARIAN CABINET

There is a new Bulgarian Cabinet. To mo[illegible] may not seem of any great importance. But we [illegible]

The retiring Prime Minister, Vassali Radosl[illegible] like many of his countrymen, a graduate of [illegible] Robert College, at Constantinople. Vassali Rados[illegible] cated at the University of Heidelberg. This m[illegible] pro-Germanism. Had he been trained at Robe[illegible] American ideals derived there might not have b[illegible] planted by Pan-German ideals.

Ferdinand I, the wily Bulgarian King, found [illegible] a clever instrument. During the early period [illegible] two were able to blind the diplomats of the En[illegible] Sofia as to Bulgaria's real intentions. Mr. Eins[illegible] published volume shows how even so well trained [illegible] himself at near-by Constantinople was up to the [illegible] the dark as to what Bulgaria might do.

The five years' Ministry of Radoslavoff compr[illegible] tant period in Balkan history. In it Bulgaria f[illegible] the second Balkan War, and finally obtained revenge for the 100,000 men, $300,000,000 in money, and great stretches of territory which that war is said to have cost her. In addition, there are now the Bulgarian demands for territory not yet occupied by her—not only all of the Morava Valley, in northwestern Serbia, but all of Serbian Macedonia, the Greek territories along the Ægean in what was formerly Macedonia, and the Rumanian Dobrudja on the Black Sea.

The Dobrudja—there's the rub. Bulgaria wanted it all. Instead Germany and Austria ceded only the southern part to her. The northern part was intrusted to a condominium of the four Central Powers, each controlling territory proportionate to the number of its troops engaged in the Rumanian war. Hence Germany received forty per cent, Bulgaria thirty-five per cent, Austria-Hungary eighteen per cent, and Turkey seven per cent. This curious arrangement, it was believed, was only a makeshift, the ultimate reason being that Germany would herself alone ultimately control northern Dobrudja, with its valuable railway line from the Rumanian port of Constanza into the interior, and, above all, the Danube.

Against Bulgaria's agreement to this plan there was protest among the Bulgars. Not only was Radoslavoff too much under German control, they charged, he was also too weak in exploiting the obvious strength of Bulgaria's position.

The leader of this opposition was Alexander Malinoff, the head of the Bulgarian Democratic party. The opposition became strong enough to compel Radoslavoff's resignation and to force the King's hand. That monarch, therefore, asked Malinoff to become Premier, and there is now a new Bulgarian Cabinet with him at its head.

Germany is alarmed. The Pan-German Berlin "Kreuz Zeitung" says: "We will not conceal the fact that the change in the Bulgarian Ministry is regrettable for Germany." Doubtless the "Kreuz" remembers that Malinoff was a supporter of Russia, and particularly that in September, 1915, he was one of the Committee which protested against the policy of attacking Serbia and throwing Bulgaria into Germany's arms; moreover, that in October, 1915, shortly before Bulgaria entered the war, he was chosen spokesman of all the opposition parties to meet with the Ministers of the Entente Powers in the hope that war might be averted.

Another reason for Bulgaria's discontent is the food situation. This, it is said, also led to the defection of a large section of the former Premier's supporters and to such popular anger with him that he was horsewhipped in the streets of Sofia.

The combination of self-respect and hunger may yet serve to show Bulgaria what it has cost her to be an ally of the Hun.

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DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS

Upon the present exigency affecting the American and Turkish Governments we comment on another page. The exigency also calls attention to the fact that diplomatic relations between the two Governments have been suspended since April 20, 1917, when Turkey withdrew her Chargé, who had been at the head of the Turkish Embassy in Washington following the Ambassador's compulsory retirement. After criticising the American Administration in a way which, to put it mildly, was not in accordance with diplomatic usage, the Ambassador went home "on leave," and, as our Government intimated that his return would not be agreeable, he did not return.

During the absence of an Ambassador the counselor or secretary of an Embassy becomes Chargé d'Affaires. The mere withdrawal of an Ambassador does not sever diplomatic relations. When, in 1915, we requested the retirement of Dr. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, Austria made her counselor of the Embassy Chargé d'Affaires, and, in a strenuous effort to make it appear that there were no "hard feelings," finally sent another Ambassador. The cause of the severance of relations came later when we declared war on Germany. We informed the Austrian, Bulgarian, and Turkish Governments, allies of the German Government, of that fact. In consequence we would not receive the new Austrian Ambassador who had just arrived. Bulgaria already had a Minister here who had been duly received, and she made no change in her diplomatic relations. But Turkey took advantage of the opportunity to "slap back" in return for our compulsory retirement of her Ambassador by replying that, since we were making war upon one of her allies, she could not continue diplomatic relations with us. Thereupon she withdrew her Chargé. It was not his withdrawal, but the Turkish Government's reply that it could not continue diplomatic relations, which severed those relations.

In general, the withdrawal of all diplomatic representatives constitutes a severance of diplomatic relations. But not always. It depends upon circumstances. For instance, a government might, for reasons of its own, withdraw all its diplomatic representatives and yet continue relations by placing a consular official temporarily in charge.

MEDICAL MEN IN WAR TIME

Like all other great gatherings in these days, the sixty-ninth annual session of the American Medical Association held in Chicago last month was dominated by the thought of the war. There is a special reason for this in the case of the National organization of physicians and surgeons because the medical profession has served the Nation so greatly in this time of need. Surgeon-General Gorgas of the Army expressed the belief that the medical profession has made greater sacrifices than any other branch of the community. "We, as a profession, are so accustomed to altruism from the time that we are born," he said, "that we little appreciate ourselves the altruism the rank and file have shown in coming into the Army in this war. The doctor, from the time he first commences the practice of medicine, is accustomed without thought to give a larger portion of his time for nothing than men in any other calling." General Gorgas attributed this fact to the doctor's education, for from the time he goes into the profession he is taught that this must be done. It is not altogether surprising, then, that whereas a year ago the medical profession had about seven hundred men in the Army, it has now about twenty thousand commissioned medical officers. The Surgeon-General of the Army paid special tribute to those "young men with practices of two thousand or three thousand dollars a year, with one or two children, with mortgages on their homes, who drop all these things, knowing that when they come back they will have to commence all over again."

Much has been heard about the Army in the war; much less about the Navy. This is particularly true with respect to the health conditions of the two services. One of the speakers at the Convention at Chicago was Admiral Braisted, Surgeon-General of the Navy. There was about his address the flavor of independence and confidence that the sailorman seems to find in the salt air of the sea. "Remember this," said the Admiral; "the Navy has always been ready, the Navy always will be ready, no matter what may happen in this struggle that is going on. We are ready, we are brave, we are strong, and we are resourceful." As to health conditions in the Navy, he reminded his hearers of the special need of careful sanitation on shipboard, and asked them if they had ever thought what would happen if contagious disease attacking the fleet got beyond control. And he gave them these facts, that ought to be reassuring to all who have friends or relatives in the naval service:

> So far as the health of the personnel of the Navy is concerned, of nearly half a million men, it is running about as it does in peace times. At the end of the first week of June our casualties, deaths, for all diseases in the Navy was only 2.8 per cent, a very excellent showing for the whole length of the war. From casualties due to disease in every quarter of the globe, casualties due to accidents, casualties due to military activities, etc., we have lost out of half a million men which we have now about four men a day on an average. When I first figured that up, it seemed to me that it must be impossible that the mortality should have been so small as that. Of course the conditions that exist in the Naval service are far better than you find them in civil conditions in every way. Nowhere can you find sanitation that compares with that we have in the Navy.

It is characteristic of war times that the new President of the Association, elected to succeed Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan, is a physician in uniform—Major Alexander Lambert. About a month after the United States entered the war he went to France and served as chief medical adviser of all American Red Cross activities in France and Belgium, and soon after the close of the Convention was *en route* again to France to resume his duties. He is among the best known of New York physicians, is a graduate of Yale and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, and has rendered public service as attending physician to Bellevue and other New York hospitals, as former Assistant Bacteriologist in the New York Health Department, and as Professor of Clinical Medicine in Cornell University Medical College. Major Lambert's portrait, together with that of Admiral Braisted, is in our picture section. "America," Major Lambert said in his address before the Convention, "perhaps distinguished herself, when suddenly called to war, by going into the war Red Cross hand first." He said that he had been asked of one's feelings while under fire, and he answered by telling this anecdote of one of the engineers at Cambrai: "After a battle, an English officer, who complimented him [the engineer] on the efficient work he had done, asked him if he had ever been under fire before, and he replied, 'No, sir.' 'What do you think of it?' said the officer. He replied, 'I didn't mind it much, but I noticed it took my mind off my work.'" "That, I think," added Major Lambert, "is the best description of a soldier's feelings under fire."

We may add that the medical profession has been under the fire of this war since it began; but its mind, so far from being off its work, is more keenly applied to it than ever.

THE COLLEGES STRIPPED FOR WAR

Alumni returning for their college reunions this year have found their respective colleges in stern mood. They have found them, too, but scantily supplied with undergraduates. At Princeton only fifty-two members of the graduating class were present to receive their diplomas in person. At Yale degrees were conferred on three hundred and twelve candidates, whereas two years ago there were nine hundred degrees awarded. At Harvard, out of a senior class that numbered seven hundred and twenty-five in its freshman year, the members who were present at Commencement numbered only ninety-eight. To those undergraduates who have left their courses uncompleted in order to join the fighting forces of the Nation, Princeton and Harvard and other colleges have presented certificates which recognize not only these students' scholarship but also their patriotism. The colleges are discovering the truth of the saying that he that loseth his life shall find it, and are learning, too, that that truth is applicable not only to individuals but also to institutions. They have been fitting men for life, and now that life calls to these young men to put their training at the service of the Nation, and perhaps compact a lifetime into a moment, these men are proving their fitness.

And the colleges as never before are identifying themselves

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with the Republic. It is not by chance that as Princeton, Yale, and Harvard held their Commencement exercises successively, they successively bestowed an honorary degree on the British Ambassador, Lord Reading. Symbolic of this union of the college with the Nation was the review of radio men which followed the Commencement exercises at Harvard. After the speeches had been made, most of those assembled walked across from the Yard to an open space near the gymnasium, and there watched company after company of young men in white naval uniform march past the reviewing officers, who included a visitor from France and one from England. These young men, coming from all over the country, some of them with hardly more than grammar school education, have found here in this great University a naval station of their country. They have almost taken possession of the University.

As the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" puts it: "The same cause which has taken these students [the undergraduates who have left college for military and naval service] away, the cause of the war, has poured a multitude of enlisted men in the Navy into the Harvard buildings and grounds." These enlisted men number about four thousand five hundred, which is almost exactly the number of the total enrollment of the University. And these radio students, gathered for a brief period of study of the practice of wireless telegraphy, have been received and welcomed and made to feel as much as possible that they are entitled to all that Harvard can give them; and their response to their environment has been an irrefutable proof of the fine quality of the average young American. The presence of these radio students at Harvard is but one sign of the part that the American universities and colleges are playing in the service of the Nation.

PREPARING FOR ELECTIONS

Whether we like it or not, we Americans will have to pay attention this year to political affairs. We cannot, as England can, forego the excitement and distraction of political contests in order to put our whole mind and energy upon the war. And yet it is safe to say that there never was less interest in party politics than there is just now. Only a few years ago the whole country was in a turmoil over the question of a Presidential third term. This year the third-term bogey appears and frightens nobody. Former Governor of Indiana Samuel L. Ralston, on the occasion of the Democratic State Convention, called for the "renomination and election in 1920 of Woodrow Wilson." There have been many overturns in political opinion; but none is more amusing than this suggestion of a third electoral term from a spokesman of a party that once writhed in pain at the thought of a third term for a political opponent, even though it was not the third full term. We welcome this overturn. That old tradition had nothing in it of special advantage to us Americans these days. The people of America ought to keep themselves free to elect as President any constitutionally eligible man, and it is foolish for them to worship a tradition which prevents them from electing a man just because he is experienced. This, however, is no time to begin a Presidential canvass for 1920.

What we have immediately before us is the election of a Congress to carry on the war, and possibly even, if victory comes in the meanwhile, to organize victory and make it secure for years to come. It is a big task. In these days there is no man too great to serve in Congress.

Less important in some respects are the forthcoming State elections. One of the most significant forerunners of these was the primary vote in Minnesota. There the contest was in the Republican primaries between the so-called National Non-Partisan League, which has been working through the Republican organization in the Northwest, and the rest of the party. As many of our readers may remember, this League arose in the Northwest as a protest and crusade of farmers. There has long been in America, as elsewhere, a movement toward the cities, with consequent emphasis on the economic rights of the so-called industrial classes. There has been a consequent, in many respects justifiable, unrest in farming communities. This has appeared in the formation of several successive organizations. The latest of these is the Non-Partisan League. The difficulty with the League is that it has been in spirit divisive, and on the part of some of its leaders seditious. Some of the organizers of the League have been sent to jail. It looks as if an organization that might have served to unite the people in regions where union is difficult had fallen into bad hands and had developed an un-American class consciousness and an un-American attitude toward the war. At any rate, this is the impression the Non-Partisan League has created in many communities, and it was badly defeated in the Minnesota primaries, where Charles A. Lindbergh, former Representative in Congress, was overcome by the present Governor, J. A. A. Burnquist, as the Republican candidate for Governor.

If the League is to serve a useful purpose in this country, it will have to dissociate itself from some of the influences that have made it distrusted by people who, while liberal-minded, have no sympathy with anything that smacks of Bolshevism.

ONE RAILWAY SYSTEM IN PLACE OF FIFTY

The administration of the country's railways by the Government is still in a formative state. Uncle Sam went into the railway business in a hurry. Overnight, so to speak, he found himself general manager of scores of railways and faced by a complex maze of problems—financial, industrial, economic, and even social. It is too early to take stock of the results in a large way, yet already it appears that unity in control has its advantages. Efficiency and economy of operation are naturally possible when it practically makes no difference whether troops or passengers or goods go by one route or another, travel in one company's cars or another, or are drawn by engines owned by this company or that company (or, as in some cases, by Uncle Sam personally)—no difference, that is, so long as the work gets done in the best way, the quickest way, and the cheapest way.

Two documents just published furnish, the one a declaration of principles, the other a record of accomplishment.

In leaving his work for a short rest—and certainly no soldier of industry and finance ever more deserved a rest—Secretary McAdoo, as Director-General of Railways, made an admirable declaration of the purposes which should be borne in mind in all the work of administration. These are, says Mr. McAdoo:

> *First*, the winning of the war, which includes the prompt movement of the men and material that the Government requires. To this everything else must be subordinated.
>
> *Second*, the service of the public, which is the purpose for which the railways were built and given the privileges accorded them. This implies the maintenance and improvement of the railroad properties so that adequate transportation facilities will be provided at the lowest cost, the object of the Government being to furnish service rather than to make money.
>
> *Third*, the promotion of a spirit of sympathy and a better understanding as between the administration of the railways and their two million employees, as well as their one hundred million patrons, which latter class includes every individual in the Nation, since transportation has become a prime and universal necessity of civilized existence.
>
> *Fourth*, the application of sound economies.

Taking up under the last head the things requisite to carry out its intent, the following simple but fundamental classification is made:

> (*a*) The elimination of superfluous expenditures.
>
> (*b*) The payment of a fair and living wage for the services rendered, and a just and prompt compensation for injuries received.
>
> (*c*) The purchase of material and equipment at the lowest prices consistent with a reasonable but not an excessive profit to the producer.
>
> (*d*) The adoption of standardized equipment and the introduction of approved devices that will save life and labor.
>
> (*e*) The routing of freight and passenger traffic with due regard to the fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.
>
> (*f*) The intensive employment of all equipment and a careful record and scientific study of the results obtained with a view to determining the comparative efficiency secured.

The Director-General recognizes the vastness of his task, but hopes that some progress has been made toward the goal. That he is justified is shown by the second of the documents to which

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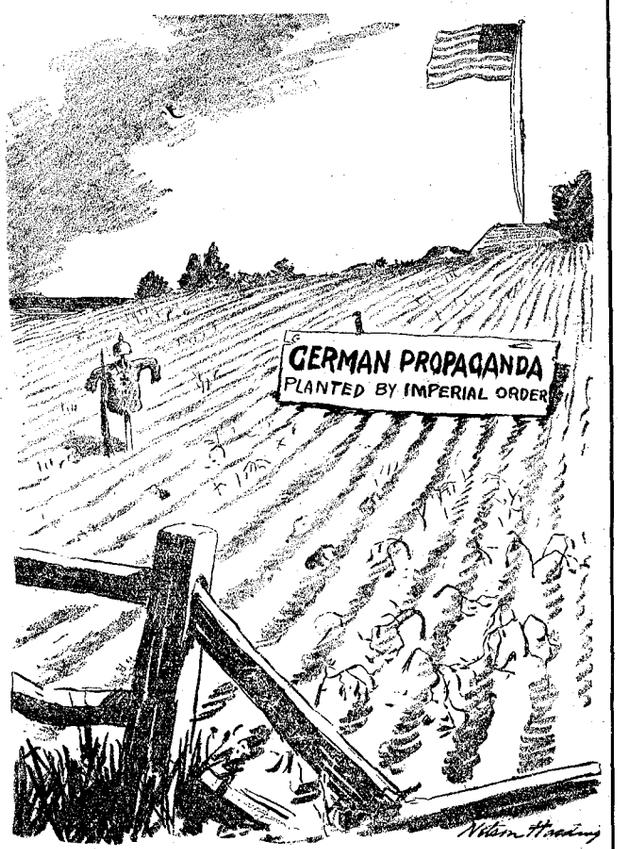
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

FORWARD—FOR GERMANY!

THE MEANING OF THE AUSTRIAN DRIVE

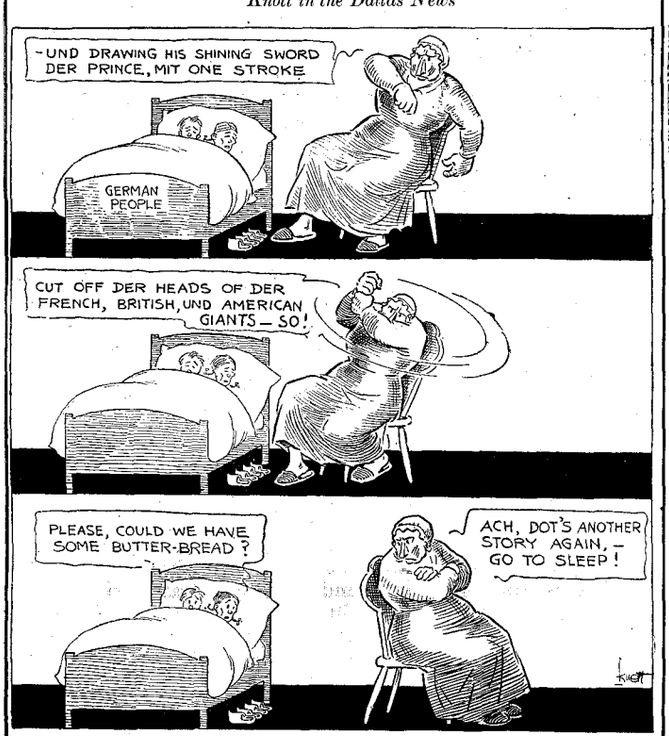
Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



CROP FAILURE IN AMERICA!

SOMETHING THAT WON'T GROW ON OUR SOIL!

Knott in the Dallas News


-UND DRAWING HIS SHINING SWORD DER PRINCE, MIT ONE STROKE
GERMAN PEOPLE
CUT OFF DER HEADS OF DER FRENCH, BRITISH, UND AMERICAN GIANTS — SO!
PLEASE, COULD WE HAVE SOME BUTTER-BREAD?
ACH, DOT'S ANOTHER STORY AGAIN, — GO TO SLEEP!
KNOTT

GERMAN FAIRY TALES

THE GERMAN PEOPLE WANT FOOD, NOT FICTION

De Bau in the Chicago Evening Post

"OVER THERE"—AT LAST!

AND THE KAISER HAD BETTER BEWARE

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we have referred. In this Mr. A. H. Smith, the Regional Director for the Eastern Division of the Railway Administration, compares the congestion and shortage during the stress of last winter, and draws hopeful conclusions for the coming trying season. Then follows an enumeration of nearly twenty things actually done. We can name only a very few of these things to illustrate what may now be done under National control which would have been absolutely impossible before. For instance, over two million miles a month of unessential passenger-train mileage has been eliminated; over three hundred and fifty locomotives originally meant for France or Russia have been put to work in this division, and over a hundred locomotives have been arbitrarily transferred from roads in the South and West to the Eastern roads—that is, all have been put just where they could do the most good; terminal facilities have been used in common by the railways at big commercial centers; freight trains have been run through to distant terminals without any reference to their make-up or place of starting; repair shops have been used almost as common property of the roads; labor has been interchanged between the roads when there was an advantage; troop trains have been handled as if all roads and all locomotives were at their disposal. It was due to such combined effort that the delivery of anthracite at tidewater rose from 820 cars in January to 1,109 in May, and to this also was due the reduction of 41,000 cars of freight for export waiting their chance to be unloaded to 28,000 cars.

As Mr. McAdoo well says in acknowledging this report, it gives evidence of being "a record of railroad achievement of the highest order in the face of difficulties of unprecedented character."

MEAT SUBSTITUTES

A correspondent writes to us as follows:

> Great pressure is being put upon the country to save food. There is restriction in the use of meat. We are urged to eat fish. But a little investigation will, I believe, convince you that fish, and also poultry, are inexcusably and unreasonably high in price and not by any means reasonably abundant in supply. Is it not possible to do something in the direction of seeing that fish and poultry are available at fair prices?

Upon the receipt of this communication The Outlook wrote to that unfailing source of information, the Federal Food Administration. In its reply the Food Administration admitted that the fish programme had been a source of considerable worry to it. Fish, it explained, is naturally the substitute most acceptable in place of meat, because of its quantity and because also of the fact that all fish taken from the sea are pure gain, an addition without feeding cost to the dietary of the American people. It was natural, then, that the Food Administration should look hopefully to that field in outlining a meat-substitute programme.

Unfortunately for it, however, the Army and Navy had commandeered the best fishing vessels, and the Government activities even took the flax thread, essential to the fishing industry for the manufacture and repair of nets. The immediate consequence of the commandeering of fishing vessels and the drafting of some of the best fishermen was the discouraging of further ship construction; for unless some reasonable guaranty might be obtained to the effect that, if new ships were built for the fishing trade to replace those taken over, they would not be commandeered, the ships would not be built.

The result of all this was that last year the catch was necessarily very low. Moreover, the breakdown in railway transportation still further interfered with distribution plans. The Food Administration, furthermore, was also confronted with the fact that the States had jurisdiction over their own waters within certain limits—the State laws have been largely made in favor of the game fishermen and against quantity fishing. It is true that proposals were made for bringing some of the shipping down from the Great Lakes to go into coast fishing, but since no guaranty could be given that these vessels would not immediately be taken over for war work, the owners were naturally reluctant. All this did not get us very far.

So much for last year's catch. This year's, we are glad to say, is expected to be double that of last year since the fishing trade has been licensed, and in that way Federalized, so that State licenses disappear, and the general Federal regulations, which are being applied under the licensing plan, overcome the State restrictions.

Moreover, heretofore only the choicest varieties of fish have been saved for market. Many other varieties, almost equally nutritious, have been discarded or used for fertilizer. Some varieties of these the Food Administration expects will be placed at least twice a week, if not daily, in the retail market throughout the country and at a cost to the consumer not to exceed ten cents a pound. Such an outcome will of course be of much benefit to the consuming public, especially in the greater distribution through a stabilized system of marketing in the interior sections of the country.

It will be noted that The Outlook's correspondent also spoke of poultry, the next most acceptable meat substitute. During the past season the drain on poultry has been very heavy as a substitute for beef. This drain on poultry was responsible for the rigid restrictions placed upon the sale of hens during the hatching season this year.

The high prices of poultry do their part in conservation. But these, the Federal Administration hopes, are of short duration, since poultry, like swine, increase very rapidly.

COSTA RICA

On May 25, 1918, the Costa Rican Congress declared war on Germany. This excited the angry comment of German newspapers. The "Rheinische-Westfälische Zeitung" declared that the Central American states were being forced into the fray because the United States, as in the case of Mexico, refused loans otherwise.

The latest addition to our allies is welcome, but causes a curious situation. In January, 1917, the former Minister of War, Federico Tinoco, by a *coup d'état* unseated President Alfredo Gonzales, of Costa Rica. The "revolution" took twelve hours and was without bloodshed.

Shortly after our declaration of war on Germany Tinoco offered the ports and waters of his country to the United States. The value of this, especially in view of the necessity of protecting the Panama Canal, is evident, and particularly when the attitude of the Canal's nearest neighbors to the south, Colombia and Venezuela, is considered. Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, has now introduced a resolution in Congress declaring that the United States should accept this offer of the use of Costa Rican ports, and also any other assistance in the war.

In accordance with President Wilson's policy of refusal to recognize revolutionary governments in Latin America, however (because of a purpose to influence the peoples concerned to appreciate constitutionality and not force whenever they want a governmental change), Tinoco was not recognized as President of Costa Rica, even though he took the trouble to call a convention and have himself declared elected.

Now Señor Tinoco has brought a new argument to bear on the situation. He has brought his country in as our latest ally. As such it calls for special consideration. The question is, Will Mr. Wilson now recognize Señor Tinoco as President of Costa Rica? The latter evidently expects that when two allies are marching together towards a common goal one will take off his hat to the other.

THE GERMANS CONTRADICT THEIR KAISER

The other day at the German Main Headquarters William II celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his accession to the throne. As reported in press despatches, he proclaims that "either German principles of right, freedom, honor, and morality must be upheld, or Anglo-Saxon principles, with their idolatry of mammon, must be victorious."

Some Germans in Frankfort and Munich have had the hardihood to protest against this Imperial saying. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" is one of their spokesmen. "The German people were not told on August 4, 1914," affirms the Frankfort paper, ac-

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cording to the despatches, "that they were going out to fight the Anglo-Saxon conception of the world until it was conquered. Had that been said, even in veiled terms, the high unity of will of the German people would have been rent asunder on the first day, for the German did not think of this or that kind of world conception. He thought only of the Fatherland's need, of home and wife and mother."

Moreover, the Frankfort paper goes on to say that, though "there are many dark passages in English history, they are not the result of any particular perversity in world conception." Nor will the "Frankfurter Zeitung" have the worship of money confined to Germany's enemies. "Unfortunately," it says, "our world conception has not protected us from making heavy sacrifices on that same altar. There has been no lack of service to mammon in Germany even in time of war."

Another spokesman is the Munich "Post." According to the telegraph, it has declared that "the anniversary of the Kaiser's accession could have been celebrated by a measure of clemency and humanity instead of by a speech of warlike tenor against England without containing words of thanks to his own people." The Munich paper concludes that "the Anglo-Saxon races are powerful enough to accept the Emperor's challenges."

The war is indeed between two sets of principles. But the point at issue is that what the Kaiser calls German principles of right are Prussian principles of wrong. Principles that justify the bloody mire of Belgium, the wrecking of Rheims, the outraging of women, the massacre of children, the defiance of law and humanity, cannot prevail.

When we find that two well-known German papers rise up in complaint and contradiction of the Emperor, we welcome these signs of healthy reaction.

WISCONSIN'S RECORD IN THE WAR

So much has been said and published concerning disloyalty in Wisconsin that the State has suffered in reputation. In particular, the case of Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, has given the State a notoriety which it does not welcome. It has even been said by a representative of the Chamber of Commerce of one of Wisconsin's cities that, unless Wisconsin can show that she is misrepresented by Senator La Follette, goods labeled "Made in Wisconsin" will meet the same fate as goods bearing the stamp "Made in Germany." In brief, the loss of her good name is affecting Wisconsin's purse. This evidence that a reputation for patriotism and loyalty has a tangible value will undoubtedly have a wholesome effect. It is, moreover, welcome as showing the overwhelming sentiment of the country in support of the cause for which it is fighting. But Wisconsin has undoubtedly been made to suffer unjustly because the people of the country as a whole have not wholly understood the facts. Wisconsin people become resentful when they hear reports that juries in their State cannot be counted on to convict disloyalists, for they know that Wisconsin has a record for loyalty that challenges the records of other States.

The Outlook has already recorded the action of the Legislature in formally condemning "Senator Robert M. La Follette and all others who have failed to see the righteousness of our Nation's cause, who have failed to support our Government in matters vital to the winning of the war;" and The Outlook has also recorded the vote in the Senatorial election which revealed the fact that the pro-German element in Wisconsin, though aggressive and in certain localities dominant, was a small minority. It may be well to add to these facts others which may not be so well known.

Wisconsin claims the distinction of being the first State in the Union to organize a State Council of Defense. Now every State has such a Council, working in co-operation with the Council of National Defense at Washington; but Wisconsin took the lead. Wisconsin was the first State to provide for the dependents of its soldiers. It was Wisconsin that suggested to the Washington authorities the use of election machinery for registering men subject to draft, and it placed its entire election machinery at the disposal of the United States in the first registration for selective service. Wisconsin was the first State in the Union to file in Washington a complete report of registration. Indeed, Wisconsin filed its report four hours earlier than the District of Columbia.

Repeatedly the Provost-Marshal General has praised Wisconsin's efficiency in raising her share of the National Army. One quotation from his letters must suffice; "We have had constant occasion to place Wisconsin at or near the head of our lists in nearly every step that has been taken in the execution of the Selective Service Law."

Of the men of military age failing to respond to the draft, the percentage throughout the United States was 8.2; in Wisconsin it was only 2. Wisconsin's volunteer enlistments place her ahead of all but ten of the States, Territories, and Districts. Wisconsin has furnished 14,690 men under the draft—an excess of 1,814 over the required quota. Wisconsin has more boys on the fighting front, it is claimed, than any other State in the Union, with the possible exception of Massachusetts. One out of every twenty men in France to-day is a Wisconsin boy.

It would be possible to quote figures showing how liberally Wisconsin has subscribed not only to the Liberty Loans, which are investments, but to funds for the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the like, which are gifts; but the record given above is more convincing, because what counts is not what a State does with her dollars, but with her sons. Wisconsin has shown her loyalty by pledging what mankind everywhere holds dearest.

NO NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE HUN

AGAIN the German Government is making an effort to retard the efforts of the Allies by holding out a hope of peace. As we go to press comes the report of a speech by the German Foreign Secretary, Richard von Kühlmann, in the Reichstag, in which he denied that Germany ever had any intention to dominate Europe. And he deplored the condition of mind in which peace proposals were unwelcome.

This is the crux of what the German Foreign Minister had to say:

"Once the moment arrives—when I care not to prophesy—that the nations which are at present locked in battle will exchange peace views, one of the preliminary conditions must be certain degrees of mutual confidence in each other's honesty and chivalry.

"For so long as every overture is regarded by others as a peace offensive—as a trap or as something false for the purpose of sowing disunion between allies—so long as every attempt at a rapprochement is at once violently denounced by the enemies of a rapprochement in the various countries, so long will it be impossible to see how any exchange of ideas leading to peace can be begun."

Dr. Kühlmann understands correctly why peace negotiations have failed, and, until victory crowns the Allies' cause, must fail. There can be no negotiations without mutual confidence. And Germany has made such mutual confidence impossible.

How can England believe in the chivalry of the nation that murdered Edith Cavell?

How can Belgium believe in the chivalry of the men who shot civilian men, women, and children as they marched toward the Meuse?

How can France believe in the chivalry of the men who ground the very bricks of French homes to powder, and cut down the very fruit trees, that France might in the future find it an agony to recuperate?

How can Italy believe in the chivalry of the bombers of Venice?

How can America believe in the chivalry of the men who massacred the defenseless passengers on the Lusitania?

How can mankind believe in the chivalry of the Hun?

And Kühlmann says that an exchange of ideas is impossible so long as every peace overture is regarded as a peace offensive. Does he wonder? He need not. He cannot have forgotten Brest-Litovsk. He cannot believe that we have forgotten. The Russians believed that a German peace overture was a real offer of peace, and they are now suffering the consequences of their faith in the faithless, their confidence in the perfidious.

No. So long as Americans retain their memory and their

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sense they will enter into no negotiations with men who have shown that they count chivalry a weakness and fidelity a vice.

DECLARE WAR ON TURKEY

There are three reasons why the United States should declare war on Turkey: The main reason is that we should have long since declared war in the name of humanity. When the Armenians were massacred, we should have declared war, just as we should have declared it against Germany when the Lusitania passengers were massacred. Because we did not take such action, the brutes who inspired the massacres, and who take no account of words, but only of deeds, were inspired to think that perhaps, after all, those atrocities might be justified.

The next reason why we should declare war on Turkey is that, as in the case of Austria and Bulgaria, we should be merely recognizing the existing fact. If we needed any reminder of this, it came a week ago. The American Board's latest announcement (taken from advance sheets of the "Missionary Herald" for July) told us that "in general the situation in Turkey is easier than it was a year ago. The Turkish officials are, for the most part, friendly, and are co-operating with the missionaries in relief work." This information seemed too good to be true. Close on its heels came news of a startlingly contrary nature. Turkish troops, it was reported, had attacked the American Consulate at Tabriz.

As the Brest-Litovsk Treaty between the Teutonic allies calls for the cession to Turkey of a considerable section of Russian Transcaucasia, a section adjacent to northern Persia, the Turks have a free hand in Transcaucasia and over the border, where American medical and missionary work in Tabriz and the neighboring Urumia must necessarily suffer. Since the attack on the Consulate and hospital occurred in Persia, it might appear that our Government should hold the Persian Government responsible for the safety of foreigners and their properties within its borders. But because of Persia's inability to resist the Turkish troops and because of Turkey's activity in northern Persia, Turkey must be held responsible. Some critics immediately declared that the attack probably came from Tartars, not from Turks. As no denial has come to hand of the charge that the attack was made by Turkish troops, Representative Kelly, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a joint resolution in Congress declaring that a state of war exists between the American and the Turkish Governments. Congress must face that fact.

Finally, we should declare war on Turkey because Turkey is a principal part of the Pan-Germanic plan. By making war upon Bulgaria and Turkey we should be threatening Pan-Germany at its vitals.

War with Turkey, however, has been opposed all along by those who say that we would endanger the lives of our missionaries, medical men, educators, and our American schools in Turkey. The missionary boards have been inclined to feel that Turkish atrocities would increase rather than diminish if the United States should incite the Turks to anger by declaring war on them. This reason has doubtless restrained the Government from precipitate action. The question is, however: Is this reason sufficient always to restrain us?

CRITICISM OF THE COURTS

Judges have divine right no more than kings. Americans laughed at the pretensions of monarchs to arbitrary authority—laughed until this war made plain the menace in those pretensions. But the sacrosanctitude which Americans have denied to princes they have been inclined to attribute to courts of justice. Criticism of a judge's decision is widely felt to be almost a species of *lèse-majesté*. In America it has almost come to pass that the judge can do no wrong.

And judges have it in their power to make criticism of themselves in many cases actually dangerous. It is the arbitrary power of kings that makes the doctrine of the divine right of kings something to be reckoned with. It is the arbitrary power of judges that makes the belief in the peculiar sanctity of judges something more than a superstition.

In this belief, widely held and sustained by the courts themselves, there is some danger to the liberties of a free people. The judge, whether he be a city magistrate or a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is a public servant. If he is attacked, he has the same right to defense that any other public servant has; if he suffers injustice, he has the same right to redress that any other public servant enjoys; if he finds himself obstructed in the performance of his public service, he has the same right to seek and obtain relief from the hindrance that every other public servant should be able to exercise. When, however, a judge resorts to a use of his power to defend himself, to find redress for a wrong done him, or to obtain relief from interference which is not open to other public servants, he comes dangerously close to acting like a master and not a servant of the people.

The power which a judge can use or misuse that is practically confined to tribunals is the power to punish for contempt. It is absolutely necessary that judges should have this power, because without it occasions arise in which the administration of the law and the enforcement of its decrees would be impossible. To exercise this power, however, for any other purpose than to protect the processes of the law is to substitute the will of an individual for the ordered liberty of a free people.

When, therefore, a judge in the exercise of his power takes action that is wholly unwarranted by even color of law, it is a matter of very grave importance. This is what a judge in a district court of the United States is declared to have done. It is not we who say this of the judge; it is a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In Toledo there was a controversy between a street railway and the city over a question of fares. A newspaper of the city, the Toledo "News-Bee," had advocated the city's side. A city ordinance had been passed requiring the railway to accept three-cent fares. The creditors of the railway company asked the District Court for an injunction to prevent the company from obeying the ordinance. The newspaper cartooned the Judge, and in news, editorial comment, and cartoons, while the case was pending, avouched the right of the city to have enacted the ordinance which the suit assailed, and expressed opinions on another case growing out of that suit. On technical grounds the Court denied the injunction in March, 1914, but on September 12, in view of intervening circumstances, awarded the injunction. Then, on September 29, the Judge took action against the newspaper, and in December tried the newspaper summarily without jury, and in the following year imposed a considerable fine.

The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, in a decision supported by an opinion read by the Chief Justice, upheld the District Judge. In upholding the Judge the Supreme Court dismissed three propositions put forth by the counsel for the newspaper: First, that there was want of power in the Court as the result of certain provisions in the judicial code; second, that there was want of power to abridge the freedom of the press by punishment for comments made upon matters of public concern; and, third, that there was entire absence of proof to sustain the inferences upon which the Court based its conclusion. In dismissing the first proposition, the Supreme Court interpreted the provision of the statute which provides that the power of judges of United States Courts to punish for contempt "shall not be construed to extend to any cases except the misbehavior of any person in their presence, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice." The Supreme Court holds that this means that it is not necessary to show that the act done actually obstructed justice, but tended to obstruct justice. In dismissing the second proposition, the Supreme Court declares that the freedom of the press does not mean "freedom to do wrong with impunity," or "to frustrate and defeat the discharge of those Governmental duties upon the performance of which the freedom of all, including that of the press, depends." In dismissing the third proposition, the Supreme Court decided that it was not necessary to show that the mind of the Judge was influenced by the newspaper, because "the wrong depends upon the tendency of the acts to accomplish this result."

In dissenting from this opinion Mr. Justice Holmes (with whose dissent Mr. Justice Brandeis concurred) spoke with a vigor which a newspaper, in commenting upon this case, would hardly venture to indulge in. We quote the following sentences:

"The statute in force at the time of the alleged contempts

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defined the power of courts in cases of this sort to where there had been 'misbehavior of any person in their presence, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice.' . . . Before the trial took place an Act was passed giving a trial by jury upon demand of the accused in all but the above-mentioned instances. . . . When it is considered how contrary it is to our practice and ways of thinking for the same person to be accuser and sole judge in a matter which, if he be sensitive, may involve strong personal feeling, I should expect the power to be limited by the necessities of the case 'to insure order and decorum in their presence.' . . . And when the words of the statute are read, it seems to me that the limit is too plain to be construed away. To my mind, they point and point only to the present protection of the Court from actual interference, and not to postponed retribution for lack of respect for its dignity—not to moving to vindicate its independence after enduring the newspaper's attacks for nearly six months, as the Court did in this case. . . . I think that 'so near as to obstruct' means so near as actually to obstruct—and not merely near enough to threaten a possible obstruction. . . . Misbehavior means something more than adverse comment or disrespect. . . . A judge of the United States is expected to be a man of ordinary firmness of character, and I find it impossible to believe that such a judge could have found in anything that was printed even a tendency to prevent his performing his sworn duty. . . . I would go as far as any man in favor of the sharpest and most summary enforcement of order in Court and obedience to decrees, but when there is no need for immediate action contempts are like any other breach of law and should be dealt with as the law deals with other illegal acts. Action like the present, in my opinion, is wholly unwarranted by even color of law."

Our only comment upon this opinion is that Congress should promptly amend the statute so that it will unmistakably mean what Justice Holmes believes it means and should mean. The power of contempt should be used, not for retribution, but solely for the protection of the court.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION[1]

A REVIEW BY GEORGE KENNAN

ONE of the best histories of the Russian Revolution that has yet appeared in print—although one that has attracted little attention in the United States—is "Russia's Agony," by Robert Wilton, formerly special correspondent in Petrograd of the London "Times." Mr. Wilton has lived nearly half his life in Russia; has long been able to speak, read, and write the Russian language; has known personally nearly all the statesmen, generals, and prominent leaders who have recently been active in Russian affairs; and has been for the last fourteen years a close and attentive observer of events, both in the Russian capital and in the Russian army at the front. Few men, therefore, are better qualified by knowledge and experience to tell the story of the Russian Revolution, and to explain its causes and results in such a way as to make them intelligible to Western readers. His book, as he says in his preface, "is a living record of personal experience of Russia, among the Russians, dating back nearly half a century. I claim no credit for it other than sincerity and freedom from race or party bias. I have no interest to serve except my British birthright, which is perhaps dearer to me because of my long exile."

The volume in which this personal experience is set forth comprises 350 pages, and is divided into four parts, viz.: I—Slavdom, the Tatars and Autocracy; II—"Democracy," "Socialism," and "Freedom;" III—Russia at War; IV—Kornilov and the Cossacks. The part most likely to interest American readers at the present time is Part II, in which are described with great clearness the formation of the Russian Workmen's Council, the rapid development of pacifism and radical Socialism, the influence of the German propaganda in corrupting and disintegrating the army, the weakness of both the first Provisional Government under Prince Lvoff and the later coalition Ministry under Kerensky, the rise to power of the Bolsheviki, the patriotic but ill-fated attempt of General Kornilov to save Kerensky, and the final triumph of the fanatical if not traitorous forces which brought about anarchy, chaos, the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the loss of Finland and the Ukraine, the ascendency of Germany, and the disruption of Russia.

Mr. Wilton does not think that the Russian people in the early part of 1917 were weary of the war. Kerensky, in a speech made in the Duma about two weeks before the outbreak of the Revolution, said:

> We think that the man power and material resources of this country are exhausted and that the time has come for a termination of the European conflict. It must be settled on a basis of the self-determination of all nationalities. All governments must forego to the same extent their imperialistic aims.

This statement Mr. Wilton regards as misleading and untrue. Russia's man power and material resources were not exhausted. Her losses, in proportion to population, had been smaller than those of any European Ally. The Russian people, moreover, were not war weary. They were only "discouraged by the blind or willful stupidity of their rulers, who were acting like tools of German influence and ambition." This discouragement was shared to some extent by the army; but the soldiers still respected and trusted their officers, and were keen and eager to fight if they could feel sure that they would receive adequate support and would not be betrayed to their enemies by German agents and sympathizers in the highest military circles.

The demoralization of the people and the disintegration of the army began with the usurpation of authority by the Workmen's Council. It is a curious fact that in the beginning this Council, which was composed largely of self-elected delegates and "jail-deliveries," was so weak and had so little prestige that if it had not pretended to be acting in co-operation with the Duma it might not have had any support at all outside of German agents and workmen in the Petrograd factories. And yet the first Provisional Government was apparently afraid to deal with it in a resolute way, even when it issued its famous "Order No. 1" to the army and began to break down discipline by depriving officers of authority and putting all power into the hands of soldiers' committees. Weak, however, as the Council was in the beginning, it soon gained the necessary physical force by corrupting the Petrograd garrison; and then, as Mr. Wilton says, "the task that had been undertaken in all sincerity by the moderate groups in the Duma became utterly hopeless, and the overthrow of any coalition government that might be formed was practically certain."

As the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates (the Soviet) gained power, it became more and more radical in its political attitude and adopted more and more generally the views of the Bolsheviki. This change is attributed by Mr. Wilton mainly to Lenine and the "handful of pseudo-Jew extremists" who supported him. These renegade Jews—"hate-laden product of the Pale"—concealed their identities under assumed Russian and Polish names. Among the most prominent of them were Bronstein (Trotsky), Apfelbaum (Zinoviev), Rosenfeldt (Kamenev), Goldman (Gorev), Goldberg (Mekowski), Zederbaum (Martov), Nahamkez (Steklov), Himmer (Sukhanov), Feldman (Chernov), and Krachman (Zagorski). "Without these men," says Mr. Wilton, "and without the help of German agents like Robert Grimm and German gold conveyed through well-known banks in Petrograd, Lenine could never have secured the ephemeral triumph of Bolshevism. Without these adjuncts there would never have been a separate peace negotiation at Brest-Litovsk, conducted by two Jews (Joffe and Trotsky) in the name of Russia. There is no doubt that Lenine deliberately entered into an arrangement with his coun-

[1] Russia's Agony. By Robert Wilton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $4.80.
The Birth of the Russian Democracy. By A. J. Sack, Director of the Russian Information Bureau in the United States. Russian Information Bureau, New York, 1918. $2.90, postpaid.

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try's foes, and used German money to propagate his doctrines. To a fanatic who repudiates nationality and nationhood (except for one class) there was nothing derogatory in such a proceeding. To him all means were good provided he could achieve his end."

One of the most conspicuous—not to say spectacular—figures in the Russian Revolution was the moderate Socialist Kerensky, who entered the first Provisional Government as Minister of Justice, afterward became Minister of War, and finally, upon the retirement of Prince Lvoff, succeeded the latter as Premier. Mr. Wilton describes him as "a highly strung, somewhat hysterical young man, who was the son of a Russian schoolmaster and a German mother of Jewish descent. He passed his early manhood in comfortable surroundings in Tashkend, where his father was director of the local high school." Afterward he moved to Simbirsk, became a struggling lawyer, specialized in "political" cases, and was finally elected to the Duma from the province of Saratof. He soon distinguished himself as a bold and fiery orator, and became the leader of the political faction known as the "Group of Toil." He had, however, very little knowledge of governmental affairs, and when, at the outbreak of the Revolution, "greatness was thrust upon him it reached far above his mental and moral caliber. He was not of gentle birth or upbringing, nor was he a statesman by genius or experience. Well-intentioned enough, he found himself torn by a thousand conflicting cares and interests. As Minister-President, uniting in his person the offices of Minister of War and Marine and Commander-in-Chief, he became more distracted and more crushed by his burdens." Mr. Wilton blames him for breaking down discipline in the army, first by abolishing the death penalty, and then by issuing the so-called "Soldiers' Charter," six or seven sections of which are wholly incompatible with military order and efficiency. He also accuses him of playing fast and loose with the Bolsheviki, and of betraying General Kornilov when the latter tried to help him by sending a force of cavalry to Petrograd. Kerensky, Mr. Wilton thinks, was, above all, irresolute and weak. Lenine, after overthrowing the coalition Government in November, 1917, said of him: "Kerensky is nobody. He has always hesitated. He has never done anything and is always vacillating. He was a partisan of Kornilov, and had him arrested. He was an opponent of Trotsky, and he allowed him his liberty. And, as he has not dared to defend himself, I firmly believe he did not dare to attack us." (Interview with a correspondent of the "Matin," November 10, 1917.)

Of all the military leaders who distinguished themselves in the revolutionary period Mr. Wilton thinks most highly of the Cossack Generals Kaledin and Kornilov. The latter, he says, "proved himself to be a great leader of men—I may say, one of the greatest military commanders of his time—as well as a clear-sighted statesman." If Kerensky had followed his advice instead of ordering his arrest, the Bolsheviki would not have been able to overthrow the coalition Government in November, 1917, and the whole subsequent course of Russian history might have been different. Even Bourtsef, one of the oldest and most experienced of the Russian revolutionists, a man whom it was impossible to suspect of counter-revolutionary tendencies, advised Kerensky to arrest Lenine and Trotsky and imprison them in the fortress; but, as Lenine afterward contemptuously said, "Kerensky did not dare either to attack us or to defend himself."

The hope of Russia, Mr. Wilton thinks, is embodied in the Cossacks. "It was thanks to the Cossacks," he says, "that Russia did not go to pieces in the first weeks of the Revolution; they alone restored a semblance of order on the railways and kept desertion in check; they held the country against the inroads of Bolshevism. But they were only one hundred thousand horsemen scattered over a front of fifteen hundred miles and many more miles of railway. They were willing and able to support the Government, but they could not save Russia single-handed against a coalition of Government and Soviet, both dallying with Bolshevism. Kerensky sought their aid when it pleased his fancy or suited his purpose. Then he turned on them to 'negotiate' with Lenine." It is the Cossacks, and only the Cossacks, who, under General Kornilov in European Russia and General Semeonof in Siberia, are still fighting the Bolsheviki and striving to save their country from anarchy and from German domination.

The rule of Lenine and Trotsky, Mr. Wilton thinks, cannot last long. "Bolshevism," he says, "is a destructive, not a constructive, agency. It has laid waste the country agriculturally and industrially, and it offers no practicable method of feeding and clothing the people. Thus, from an economic point of view, the continuance of the present régime is an impossibility. From a political standpoint it is equally absurd. Bolshevism is the deadliest foe of our civilization, and we may hope that the modern Huns who have launched this visitation will have cause to regret their foul work, as they already have deplored the application of poison gases. The Russians survived Tatardom. They are a great multitude, and they have not all succumbed to the German Bolshevist poison. The Revolution has stirred up the dregs and muddied the current of national life; but its effects have not been altogether unsalutary, nor have its lessons been lost upon the best elements of the nation. A new Russia is springing up amid the ruins of the old. The day of Lenine and destruction draws to a close. Do not believe outward aspects and appearances. Russia is not dead. Her agony, still upon her, is not the agony of death, but the agony of a living, breathing organism struggling to find expression, wrestling against the fiend of Bolshevism that has gripped her when she was at her weakest. . . . Three centuries ago Russia was afflicted, as she now is, with a 'time of confusion.' Then Minin, a tradesman of Nizhni, aroused the people, and Count Pozharsky led them. In a week they had driven the Polish invader out of Moscow. History repeats itself."

Mr. Sack's book, "The Birth of the Russian Democracy," is, in a certain sense, complementary to the work of Mr. Wilton. It contains neither an account of personal experience nor a record of personal observation; but, on the other hand, it covers a much wider field than that with which Mr. Wilton deals, and gives a fuller and more consecutive account of the revolutionary movement, from the conspiracy of the Decembrists in 1825 to the usurpation of authority by the Bolsheviki in the fall of 1917. Thirteen chapters are devoted to "The History of the Russian Revolutionary Movement," and five more to the "Spiritual Leaders" by whom that movement was guided. No fuller or better account, probably, is to be found in the English language of the ideas, the men, and the events that finally brought about the overthrow of the Czar's Government in March, 1917. The biographical sketches of the great revolutionary leaders—Bakunin, Lavrov, Kropotkin, Breshkovsky, and Plekhanof—are accurate and interesting, and contain many details of personal experience and adventure that are little known—if known at all—to American readers.

To "The Birth of the Russian Democracy" Mr. Sack devotes thirteen chapters (300 octavo pages), but, unlike Mr. Wilton, he tells the story of the Revolution largely through original documents, connecting them by enough lucid narrative to show the circumstances or the sequence of events in which they had their origin. This collection of speeches, addresses, orders, proclamations, and resolutions comprises the whole documentary history of the Russian Revolution, and gives the political programme of almost every group or faction that has played a part in it, as well as the aims or opinions of every prominent leader who has influenced it. Even the speeches of Elihu Root in Russia and Ambassador Bakhmetieff in the United States are given in full. This feature of the book gives it great value both as a work of reference and as a compendium of revolutionary opinions and judgments.

The most striking difference between Mr. Wilton's book and Mr. Sack's is in the point of view. Wilton's position is that of a rather conservative British journalist, while Sack looks at events from the view-point of a moderate, thoughtful, and reasonable Socialist. Both are fair and both are uncompromisingly hostile to Prussianism and Bolshevikism; but Wilton would like to see a constitutional monarchy in Russia, while Sack favors a government in which there shall be no ruler except the sovereign people. With regard to many questions, however, the two writers are in almost perfect agreement. Wilton, for example, attributes the demoralization and disintegration of the Russian army largely to "Order No. 1" of the Workmen's Council and the "Soldiers' Charter" of Kerensky. Sack expresses practically the same judgment when he says: "Kerensky's 'Declaration of Soldiers' Rights,' together with the famous 'Order No. 1,' may be considered as the most fatal acts of the Revolu-

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tion. These decrees were probably psychologically inevitable, but their fatal rôle in the destruction of the Russian army cannot be overestimated." (Page 421.)

Mr. Sack's book is written in fluent, idiomatic English; it is profusely illustrated with portraits of revolutionary leaders—many of them rare and some of them excellent; and it has an admirable index in which may be found the name of almost every prominent Russian revolutionist who has lived since 1825.

The two books—"Russia's Agony" and "The Birth of the Russian Democracy"—taken together furnish the best history we have or are likely to have in the near future of the Russian Revolution, with its antecedents and its consequences.

THE SHIPYARDS OF THE GREAT LAKES

BY THE HON. CRAWFORD VAUGHAN

FORMER PREMIER OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

I BOARDED the midnight express for Buffalo on Tuesday, April 24, on a tour that was mapped out by the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation, of which Dr. Charles A. Eaton is the head, to encircle the United States. My ticket measured five feet in length. It covered nearly nine thousand rail miles. My mission was to help speed up ship-building by addressing shipworkers in every shipyard from Buffalo to Seattle, from Seattle to San Diego, and from San Diego to the Hampton Roads.

I was not alone. Sergeant-Major Smith, late of the Marne, of Ypres, Salonika, and Gallipoli, and prior to that of Cluna, Tibet, and India—cockney-born, but known in the British army as Smith of America—bore me company. Smith had settled peacefully down to the idyllic occupation of growing grapefruit on the Isle of Pines—that treasure island out in the lazy Caribbean Sea—where war once more caught him. Metaphorically beating his plowshare into a sword and his pruning-hook into a spear, he went over the top at fifty years of age, and, after three thrilling years on all the principal fronts, he came home with the one regret that he didn't get the Kaiser. However, he is doing the next best thing to that. He is stirring the men in the shipyards to build the bridge of ships over which the great armies of America can march to Berlin.

I had been inspired with the magnitude of the shipyards on the Atlantic seaboard, I had seen something of the keelways on the Pacific, I had heard of the great preparation of the Gulf ports not to be behind any other coast in the production of tonnage. But of the Great Lakes shipyards little was known to me, or is known to-day, I believe, to the general American public.

Yet these Lakes shipyards are doing a great National work, and are doing it under singular difficulties. Ice-bound for the winter months, subject to a temperature of 40° below zero at times, and limited in their launchings by the Welland Canal, the Great Lakes do not, on the face of things, appear to offer great facilities for the output of ocean-going vessels.

Of all the disabilities under which ship production on the Great Lakes suffers, however, that of the limitations imposed by the Welland Canal is the greatest. The canal is the narrow neck to the great depressions that inclose an inland sea. Its locks limit the length and width of beam of the vessel that requires to pass through to the ocean beyond. A ship must not be longer than 261 feet, nor wider in beam than 42 feet 6 inches. This fixes somewhat definitely the tonnage that can be launched on the upper waters of the St. Lawrence.

To overcome this disability the Lakes shipyards have sometimes cut boats in halves, and this practice will, I understand, probably be resorted to in order to produce a more serviceable freighter than is now possible. The present type of ocean-going cargo carrier produced on the Lakes is uneconomical, inasmuch as the space taken up for boilers and crew leaves too small an area for cargo. The tonnage capacity of the present class of vessel which is being built in this district for the American Government approximates thirty-five hundred tons. It is possible to increase that tonnage probably to fifty-five hundred tons by cutting the ship in two and taking each part separately through the locks. Beyond that it would not be safe to go, because a good sea boat must be somewhat proportionate longitudinally to her width of beam and her depth, and these two latter factors are definitely determined by the Welland Canal.

Suggestions have been put forward for slicing ships in four and dovetailing the parts together in an assembling shop on the lower river; but this process involves considerable additional labor and time, and it is doubtful whether the extra space that would thus be secured would warrant the delay in construction. One ship-builder, while expressing the belief that the idea was not impracticable, said: "We could build two smaller boats probably quicker than we could quarter up the larger one."

That the Lakes shipyards can turn out mammoth boats is revealed in the great fleet of ore freighters which carry coal and iron ore between Superior and the shores of Lake Michigan. There is nothing more impressive on the face of the waters, unless it be a war-ship, than a long-nosed, black-hulled leviathan pushing its relentless way through the breaking ice or up against the ore bins, there to load up with a freight that shortly will be transformed into rails or roaring engines, into boiler plate or big guns, or into steel that will go screaming into the German lines in the form of shells.

These great ships, with their smoke-stacks astern, are in some instances 625 feet long, 60 feet in beam, 20 feet draught, and, with their 2,000 horse-power and averaging 10 knots, carry as much as 13,000 tons of ore in a single haul. It takes only two and a half hours to fill up all the holds of such a ship with the red iron ore, and a little longer to unload, such is the character of the labor-saving machinery installed at the inland ports of America. A boat of 10,000 tons will pull alongside a wharf, say, at Cleveland or Toledo at ten in the morning, empty herself of 10,000 tons of iron, load up with coal, and be steaming out by five o'clock in the afternoon.

Duluth Harbor claims to be the second port in the world in point of tonnage shipped. It has long since outdistanced Liverpool's total.

In July last year it was estimated that 700 tons of freight was loaded or unloaded at the Duluth-Superior wharfs and docks every minute of the twenty-four hours per day. Upon the Great Lakes themselves is borne a commerce of 100,000,000 tons annually, and there is no place in the world that approaches the Lakes for cheapness in the handling and hauling of its water-borne commerce. Ore and coal were hauled in pre-war days to and from Superior to Lake Erie ports, one thousand miles away, the round trip costing a dollar a ton, or one-twentieth of a cent per mile.

The tonnage now under construction in the Great Lakes shipyards on behalf of the Emergency Fleet Corporation is an ever-increasing one. Old yards are expanding as though the wand of the magician had been waved over them. New yards are being improvised along inland waters whose quietude was never before disturbed by the whiffing rattle of the riveting machine. Still further yards are projected in placid upper river reaches that till now have launched no other boat than the Indian canoe. Of Canadian ship-building activity I have seen nothing but ships being launched along the Canadian shore at Toronto and other river cities. On the United States side we spoke in the yards of Buffalo, Cleveland, Lorain, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Manitowoc, Superior, and Duluth. We missed only Sturgeon Bay.

At present more than twenty-two thousand men are here employed in actual ship construction, while probably an equal number are engaged in the manufacture of parts in lake shore cities. These figures necessarily take no cognizance of men working in steel mills, in coal and iron mines, and in other callings more or less incidental to the building of ships. Within a few months not less than sixty thousand men will be engaged in launching these lifeboats of liberty.

There is undoubtedly a shortage of skilled ship-builders here, as there is in every other part of America. Riveters are being trained in specially devised schools, but practical experience cannot be secured in a day. Men's muscles must be hardened

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and adjusted to the work. As one of the most successful ship-builders remarked to me: "If it needs six months to train a soldier to endure the rigors of the trenches, it may be taken for granted that it requires a few months to enable a man to stay for hours in all sorts of positions and weather fastening steel plates on the side of a ship."

There is a shortage of skilled turners and fitters, of engineers and other craftsmen, and these, again, cannot be produced in a week or two.

The building up of the executive of a yard also calls for time and experience. In all these directions the ship-building corporations of the Great Lakes have had to face difficulties which called for patience, persistence, and a big faith in themselves.

Here is the story in brief of one Duluth shipyard as handed to me by the management:

Where this shipyard now is there was land under water in September, 1917. Since then the new land was made, the new shipyard established, and we have built four steel ships while ice formed thirty-eight inches thick. After cutting away six thousand tons of ice the first ship was launched February 25, 1918, others following ten days apart.

In the first six months we built the plant and four steel hulls and had three others forty per cent made.

In four months, on vacant land, fifty houses and three hotels for our men were built—all steam-heated from a central plant. Also a faithful, contented crew of 1,200 ship-building men was collected. We have a happy community here, including a small academy where young men are taught the arts of ship-building.

We now make our own engines, and soon will have our boiler shops finished, when we hope to make one complete ship every three weeks, or in less time. We have lots of room to expand, and intend to do so.

That they have succeeded so well is in itself a fine tribute to their organizing skill and their patriotism.

They have succeeded in some of the yards in providing two shifts, thereby utilizing the machinery of manufacture for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Riveting is not done in such cases by night, but the plates are bolted into position under powerful overhead lights which are fixed on the crane and elsewhere, and which turn night into day. The riveting gauges are then concentrated on this job in the daylight hours.

I saw women working at some of the lathes in an engine shop at Buffalo, and the manager was perfectly satisfied with his experiment. For lathe and similar work women are admirably suited. They are painstaking and efficient, and do not seem to tire at the job. Woman has not invaded the keelways themselves, but for the lighter industrial jobs the American girl should prove as efficient as her English sister.

The Lakes yards have attracted some of the best ship-building brains in America. There is no camouflage here about the business of building ships; that is reserved for the ship itself before it heads its way down-stream. The executives of the yards know their job, and in nearly every instance are away ahead of their schedule. The men are putting up records for rivet-driving that will call for a big spurt in other districts if they are to be beaten. They are in most instances one hundred per cent loyal Americans, if one may judge on a Liberty-bond basis.

Necessarily there is still some room for improvement, particularly in sticking to the job and working six days a week. On Saturday afternoon in one yard we found the iron-workers absent, owing to some mistaken interpretation of their agreement with the authorities at Washington. If those men only realized how many lives that laying off for Saturday afternoon involved, they would not only forego that half-holiday, but would put in extra time to make up for it. It is our task to bring such things home to them.

When these men are told of the great dependence of our Navy upon an adequate number of colliers, and that Pershing's army is dependent for shells and guns upon the store provided by France and Great Britain for their own use, and that this condition of affairs exists solely because of the lack of ships, they respond by expressed determination to make up the leeway. When it is brought home to them that the world's immediate shortage of ships amounts to 7,500,000 tons, without allowing for submarine sinkings, and that the Allies built only 3,000,000 tons last year against 6,000,000 tons sunk by U-boats, they take a grip of the situation and hold up both hands to the appeal to stand by their mates at the front.

Strikes are happily now unknown in these shipyards. The man who talked strike would be regarded as an agent for the Kaiser, and he would probably be tipped into the ice-cold lake waters, to get out as best he could.

That the Lakes are destined to become a great center of ship-building activity is, I think, assured.

Mr. Ford, whose gift for organization has made him world famous, selected Detroit as the best location for the production of the Eagle—the new standardized type of submarine chaser.

A huge Eagle factory is in course of construction at present on the Detroit River. Its size may be gauged from the statement made to me by one of Mr. Ford's chief assistants, that it was three-quarters of a mile from either end to the center of the plant.

It is anticipated that 40,000 men will be engaged in the construction of Eagles. The output is expected to reach one ship per day. Even if this be an over-sanguine estimate, and I am inclined to think it is, the production of three ships in two days will be a mighty answer to the submarines of the Kaiser.

The Eagle type of chaser, one of which is erected in the Ford Motor Works, has lines so fine that she would cut a ship in halves without feeling much shock from the impact. I mounted the decks, and the thought came to me that, as Mr. Ford himself has suggested, this is a war of tool power, and there lay the answer of a peace-loving manufacturer to the military power of Germany.

Another reason for belief that these Lakes shipyards will prove themselves valuable, even when peace comes, rests upon a geographical basis. Iron lies at their gates. Great steel works flourish in their midst. At Gary, Indiana, Chicago, Duluth, Detroit, and other Lakes ports the glow of the blast-furnace burns a hole in the night and tall chimneys smoke the face of the sun by day. Truly a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. The scene expresses, as it were, the very incarnation of American energy.

To take the ore from the great mines of Lake Superior; to convert it into steel; to fashion that steel into plates and beams; to assemble those into the form of a ship; to launch that ship upon the adjacent waters; to fill it there and then with the food grown out in the Western prairies or with the goods that pour out of the great factories of those roaring cities along the Lake fronts—all this seems logical and predestined.

A line of great cities stand as trade sentinels on either shore—Toronto, Fort William, and other Canadian centers to the north; Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago with its three million people, Milwaukee, Duluth, and a dozen smaller centers on the United States shore.

What cities they are, vigorous with young life, stretching their giant limbs, and facing the future with indomitable confidence in themselves!

Their civic aspirations are expressed in those words cut into the granite base of the statue to the late Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland:

"He found us groping,
Leaderless and blind.
He left a city
With a civic mind.
He found us striving,
Each his selfish part.
He left a city
With a civic heart."

But the people of the Great Lakes are thinking not in terms of peace nor of a narrow civic freedom. Theirs is the larger vision. The precious freightage they are speeding down-stream are their sons, who will carry with them to France the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. And the ship-builders are doing their part in this great world crisis.

For ships are the key to victory. Liberty calls to us across the waters to—

"Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter's sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal
With the past's blood-rusted key."

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THE STRONG YOUNG EAGLES

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

"One by one the strong young eagles fall."—*From an editorial in the New York "Sun" on the death of Major Lufbery*

So one by one the strong young eagles fall,
Yet day by day new eagles take the sky,
Beating with eager pinions at the wall
Where those who live are those who dare to die.

So one by one the strong young eagles fall
With broken wings but with unconquered souls,
Leaving to those who follow where they call
A flaming, far-flung vision of their goals.

America, these eagles are your sons!
Hold to the faith and keep your vision sure.
O Nation, be ye worthy of their guns,
These eagles, dead, that freedom may endure!

THE SPIRIT OF '63

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"YOU'D treat children that way?" asked old Evans, slowly.

"Certainly, if their parents carried them into danger."

"You'd throw them into the cold sea?"

"It wouldn't be my lookout."

"And women, you'd—you'd—" Old Evans stopped, lacking words.

A low, coarse laugh answered him.

"War is war," said another voice. "It's not a tea party, like your war."

In the vast cylindrical room there was after this complete stillness. From without not a sound carried through the unbroken walls, and within there was not even the buzzing of a fly, since old Evans pursued flies as relentlessly as he had once pursued Confederates. Even the birds which twittered under the lofty roof were for the moment still.

The Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg was at this moment at its best. The sun was close to setting, and the brilliant light, reflected from a clear sky, shone from above upon the hundreds of square feet of painted canvas with which the walls were covered. Time had softened the bright colors, but the light seemed now to restore the yellow of the wheat, the blue and red of the waving banners, even the scarlet of the blood-stains. The cruel scene was presented in a romantic glow which brightened and glorified.

Old Evans was a little man in a blue suit, with a saber cut across his face and a grotesquely twisted leg. The saber cut made him appear indescribably ferocious, the crooked leg indescribably ridiculous. Facing him stood three men, heavy, soft of flesh, and elegantly dressed. All four were angry; old Evans with the white heat with which one contemplates some outrageous wrong, the others with the annoyance with which one regards an insect before the moment of smiting. Old Evans moved a step backward, his limp more than ever ridiculous to the visitors. One of them laughed again. At that a gleam which was almost insane came into Evans's eye. He moved still farther away.

Even in war time visitors throng to Gettysburg. They come in automobiles and in trains, in the most elegant of limousines and in the most plebeian of Fords. They drive about, the indifferent idly glancing at that which does not particularly concern them, the others gazing with the eager attention of those who have within them springs of imagination or patriotic emotion at that which thrills and stirs them. They visit the Jenny Wade House, where fell the one woman slain in a three days' battle; they visit East Cemetery Hill, where the Louisiana Tigers were hurled back, broken; they visit the Angle behind which rose a living and impregnable breastwork; they visit the scene of Pickett's charge and look across the wide fields once strewn with the defenders of a Lost Cause; they stand at last—the most dull a little awed—before the Cyclorama. There some refuse to give more than a glance, not now from lack of interest, but from fright—from stubborn unwillingness to look at war.

At the Cyclorama they see also old Evans, whose youth was glorious and whose old age is happy. Old Evans received both saber cut and shell wound at the Angle on the third day, and fell, yelling defiance, to know no more for many weeks. Once out of the hospital, he was, to his great disgust, invalided, and his military appearances were thenceforth limited to an absurd hopping in military and Memorial Day parades, where, laughed at and applauded, he kept bravely up with more fortunate comrades who had two sound legs.

In his old age Evans was made guardian of what he believed to be the treasure of the world, the Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, which, after many journeys and long sojournings in great cities, had found at last a permanent home. Evans had seen few paintings in his life, but he did not need any extensive knowledge of art to tell him that this was a great painting. Here was Gettysburg—could one not distinguish the Seminary, dim but unmistakable, in the distance; could one not see the very trees which Pickett's men made their desperate goal, the very Angle in the stone wall which was bathed in blood? Here were the generals, Hunt among his staff, Hancock magnificent on his great horse, Armistead reeling backward, the heroic symbol of splendid defeat. Here were flying banners, here were smoke clouds, here was a caisson bursting volcanically into red flame and spreading ruin, here were injured men in tortured positions, here were surgeons at their sad work, here was even an old Gettysburg doctor, pressed into service and painted to the life! Here was, moreover, ripe wheat, exactly the proper color for July 3 in Gettysburg—Evans had observed it since fifty-two times—here were red poppies in the wheat, here were the distant hills with Jack's Mountain plainly to be seen, there in the distance was even a dim suggestion of Emmittsburg!

Old Evans met visitors with the enthusiasm of a child. He loved to talk, he could talk almost all day.

"Well, friends, you've come to see the painting. A treat's in store for you. Before taking you into the main room I'll tell you what you're going to see. A colossal work, friends. A battle. This is a great day for you, children. Have you been over the field? Well, there's no choice between going over the field before you see the Cyclorama or after you see the Cyclorama, just so you see it, friends. Yes, a quarter. A quarter may seem large now, but it's a small price for what you're going to get. Now, look!"

When Evans had said his speech, he accompanied his guests to the door and gave them a benediction.

"Up the street now, friends, to the graves of the unbeknownst."

Evans not only adored the picture but defended it.

"You say there ain't any poppies in Gettysburg wheat? You drive to Pen Mar and you'll see poppies in the wheat. There's nothing to prove that there weren't poppies here then. French haystacks? That's a small matter to fuss about. It might be that a Gettysburg farmer made a haystack like that for a change."

Evans even feared the Cyclorama. In the twilight, when he looked about, the masses of smoke seemed to move, to roll forward on the battle-lines, the dying and even the dead to stir. On moonlight nights one rider seemed to Evans to urge his white steed forward, and Evans thought of Death on his pale horse. Then Evans heard shouts and screams and the roar of cannon, and quickly closed the door of the tall iron grating

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between the Cyclorama and the vestibule, and then the outer door itself.

Old Evans had many friends. Among his intimates were the blacksmith, John Byers, who was the largest man in Gettysburg; Alec Dimmet, a carpenter, who was six feet two and of powerful frame; and John Potter, the Burgess, who was only a little smaller than John Byers.

Evans lived with the Burgess, a silent man who liked to hear Evans talk. Seen together they suggested a giant and his familiar. Agreement between them was complete, both about their manner of living and about the affairs of the world. Especially did they now agree about what Evans called "the contemporary war," and their comments took the form of a lengthy recitative in Evans's tenor with comments in Potter's deep bass. The recitative recounted the events of each day as reported in the newspapers, the bass added such expressions as "hellish butchery," "execrable," and occasionally "damnable." When Alec Dimmet and John Byers were present, there were three harmonious basses.

It was the summer of 1916 when the three stout strangers came to Gettysburg. Obese and rich, they were motoring from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, and stopped against their will. The ride was dull. For them nature had few charms; they wished only to get on to their business appointment the next evening. They saw neither blossoming rhododendron nor swift little streams nor the unbounded prospects spread before them at each descent of the mountain ridges. Here and there enormous signs, already disfiguring the Lincoln Highway, caught their eye, and they pointed them out to one another as the one notable feature of the landscape.

The three talked steadily, moved by a strange obsession. A red flower had blossomed in the world from an ancient root long thought dead and done with, and this blossom they meditated upon and loved. They were soft and pampered creatures who could not have stood for an instant against a good-sized and strong-armed boy, yet they glorified physical power. They were Americans, speaking only English, knowing only—as far as they knew any literature—English literature, living under English laws, partaking of the blessings of a free spirit which was also English, and still by some strange perversity allying themselves with the Germany from which their fathers had fled. Of its efficiency in peace and war they talked at length and loudly, of the satisfaction of brutal instincts which a world has striven to inhibit they spoke in lower tones but with a deeper pleasure.

In the early afternoon they reached Gettysburg, and there were told by their chauffeur that their car could not go on until the next day. Meanwhile he would have to go by train to Harrisburg for a broken part.

The three were angry. The history of America did not interest them. Gettysburg looked to them like a poor town, and to them, by some obscure analogy, the battle was a poor battle. To the soliciting of the guides at the hotel they were deaf.

"This is a one-horse show. We'll wait and see France and England when Germany's licked them."

After an early supper the three walked ponderously up and down the hills of a long street and came at last to the Cyclorama. Because they were tired they went in.

Old Evans hopped to meet them, his eyes twinkling. He had had that day only a few visitors and his soul longed for expression. All the comparisons invented could scarcely describe the need of old Evans for frequent communion with his kind. To-morrow he expected to be away, and there was therefore all the more reason why he should talk to-day.

"Well, friends"—thus had he spoken aloud to himself several times during the long afternoon, hearing, as he spoke, the usual comments—"Wasn't it awful?" "How did they live through it?" "I tell you those were brave men!" He expected, as he went forward to meet this group of visitors, a repetition of his little triumphs. He moistened his lips, he heard himself saying, "Now, friends, a general look first;" he heard his climax, "There *I* fought, friends!"

Kindly old Evans was so poor a judge of human character of a certain sort that he shook hands with his three visitors.

"Sit down, friends, here in the vestibule. This is a warm evening. I'll tell you here what you're going to see, then we'll go inside. Now, friends, to do that I must go back a little before the battle. You see, friends, it was this way. For two years, friends, war had been proceeding, and our folks hadn't been successful. You know all about that. Lee, he conceived a great plan. If he could get north of Mason and Dixon's line and attack the capital of the Keystone State, which was Harrisburg, he wouldn't have much trouble—so he thought—with Philadelphia, and after that Baltimore and Washington would be easy marks. So, having whipped our folks bad at Chancellorsville, he made his plans for to go north, and he did go north, friends, clear to sight of Harrisburg. But then, friends, he got important word that set him thinking. Our folks was after him. But he thought that General Stuart could easily tend to them with his cavalry, and he goes on. He—"

Old Evans found himself interrupted.

"Say, friend," said a harsh voice, "we haven't got all time. We've got to be in Philadelphia to-morrow evening."

Evans made pleasant answer, as though to a witticism. He had not yet surmised that there might be human beings who were not interested in what he had to say.

"I haven't got all time either," said he, cheerfully. "I'm going to East Berlin this evening to stay till to-morrow evening. I have a little farm there. I—"

"East Berlin? Where's that?"

"It's a town near here. My friend the Burgess is going to take charge of this place for me to-morrow."

"I'm glad you're good Germans in this neighborhood."

Old Evans did not hear. He took a long breath, as for a plunge into the deep water.

"So Lee went on, friends. But it wasn't long till he learned the sickenin' news—that is, sickenin' to him—that Stuart had not been successful in bafflin' Hooker, and that Hooker had outgeneraled Stuart. What did this make Lee determine to do, friends? To give up his nefarious plan of attacking the capital of the Keystone State—from which it had a narrow escape, I can tell you—and get his folks first together, and then out of the narrow valley where they was, which would have been the same as a prison trap. So, friends—"

The largest of the three men rose and walked toward the iron grating which divided the vestibule from the Cyclorama. Inside and well within the cylindrical room there was still another grating.

"You'd better show us what you got. We can look while you talk."

Evans held out a pleading hand.

"You'll be glad when you get in to understand a little. It's very confusing if you don't understand."

The stranger sat down.

"Well, make it short."

All three grinned broadly when Evans concluded his description of the first and second days of the battle. When one cared nothing for his earnestness or his wounds, he was ludicrous. Now, at his command, the three arose and passed ponderously through the doors in the iron grating.

"A general look," directed Evans. "First a general look."

The three strangers looked. Then one of them asked an amazing question.

"Is this all?"

"*All!*" repeated Evans. He laughed at the stranger's joke. "I guess this is enough!"

"Go on with your story," commanded another.

Evans took his long wand, and again filled his lungs with air.

"Now, friends, you see—"

"Ain't we to sit down?" asked one of the strangers.

"You won't want to sit down—that is, not yet. Now, friends—"

One man reached suddenly a climax of irritation. He mocked Evans in a low tone, as though Evans were a sheep. But still Evans did not hear.

"So, now, friends, as I have told you, the first day was a victory for the Confederates; the second day was, one might say, so to speak, a drawn battle, and it was left to the third day to decide that God was still in his heaven, friends, if I might speak in such strong terms. It was on the third day that the great question was decided, friends. Here at this point"—the long wand rested upon the thickest of the carnage—"here government of the people, by the people, and for the people did not perish from the earth—"

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"HERE WERE THE GENERALS, HERE WERE FLYING BANNERS,—HERE WAS GETTYSBURG"—A SECTION OF THE CYCLORAMA

This celebrated Cyclorama is inclosed in a circular building over one hundred feet in diameter and fifty or more feet high. The picture, which is 364 feet long by 32 feet high, fits the inner walls. There is no opening for light in the great interior of the building except a skylight. Protecting the eyes of the observer is an enormous umbrella-like awning, over which the light falls from the skylight directly upon the picture

"Seems to me I've heard that before," said one of the strangers.

"Sounds familiar to me, too."

Evans went on in a louder tone.

"Now, gentlemen, move back here to a further distance."

The three took ponderous steps like elephants in haste. One of them raised his arm to imitate Evans's gesture.

"Now friends, you see there by that cannon—"

"You call that a cannon! Why, that's a toy for a child to play with."

"A toy!" repeated Evans, still pleasantly. "You wouldn't think it was a toy if you got a charge from it in your leg. Why, the cannons shot away hundreds of tons of metal in these three days!"

"They shoot away that much in an hour on the other side."

Evans began at last to be disturbed.

"There was two hundred thousand men in this battle," he declared.

"Two hundred thousand!" repeated one of the strangers. "That wasn't much more than an alley fight."

Evans lowered his wand. His cheeks grew pale.

"Why, friends, I know about this battle. I fought"—in his excitement he proceeded with inartistic haste to his climax. "I fought"—with trembling hand the wand was directed again to the center of the hottest fighting—"there! With Hays, friends, I got these wounds there."

But to this audience Evans's wounds signified nothing.

"If you'd been on the other side, there wouldn't 'a' been anything left of you."

"The other side!" repeated Evans. "You mean the Confederate side?"

The three shouted.

"The other side of the water! I mean, if the Germans were after you."

Evans laid down his wand and folded his shaking arms.

"Friends," said he, "this was a great battle. History says it, and I know it. Why, look at it!" he pointed tremulously with his finger. "See the throngs of men! See the horses! See there that mass of troops advancing! See them comin' behind by hundreds! See the cannon! See—"

"On the other side they came by thousands," came the mocking answer. "This battle was nothing. This war was nothing."

Old Evans was stupefied. He could only repeat, "Nothing!"

"You have said it," said one visitor.

"A little quarrel over some niggers," said another.

Evans saw now the jeering faces and realized that these strange creatures had come to mock. He realized also the implications of their words.

"This was a great war," he shouted. "It was in a just cause. That over there is"—he remembered gratefully a few serviceable words of the Burgess's—"is hellish butchery!"

The visitors laughed at his ardor.

"That is real war," said one. "That is worth something. No 'Alphonse—Gaston' business about that! They know what they want and they get it. They go to a town. 'Here,' they say, 'we want so and so, and you deliver the goods. If you don't, you're dead.'"

Old Evans moved a little away, not because of any physical fear, for he knew no such thing, but because of spiritual horror.

"They shoot civilians!" he cried. "Why, in the battle of Gettysburg only one civilian was killed, and she was mourned by both sides. She was Jennie Wade, she—"

"Shoot civilians—of course. Let the civilians get out."

"They batter down churches!" cried Evans.

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"A church is no better than any other building in war."

"And hospitals!"

"Sure."

"They torpedo ships and send them to the bottom without givin' the people a chance!"

"I wouldn't give 'em a chance either."

Evans moved still a little farther away. His hand was now upon the iron grating, to which he held as though he were faint.

"You'd treat children the way they do?"

"Certainly, if their parents carried them into danger."

"You'd throw them into the cold sea?"

"It wouldn't be my lookout."

"Would you expect the Germans to warm the sea?" asked another voice.

"And women," said Evans. "You'd—you'd—"

When one of the men laughed, Evans clung to the grating with his whole weight. Such words and such opinions defiled what was to him a holy place.

"You must get out," he commanded. "You cannot stay here."

"Bah, bah, bah!" said a voice. "We're glad to go."

The three men moved through the grated door and Evans clicked it shut. But they were not through with poor old Evans. Between the two grated doors they mocked him again.

"Did you think *you* could fight the Germans?" asked one. "Perhaps you thought you could scare 'em!"

Evans's dreadful scar burned.

"Get out!" said he.

"Get out!" mocked one of the fat men.

The voice maddened old Evans. His mind worked quickly. They need not think he was powerless; he would show them what he could do. He slipped through the second iron grating and shut with lightning swiftness the second grated door.

"Then stay!" he shouted. "I'm going for the Burgess."

The three men made a rush for the grated door. But the spring lock held. They looked upward. The grating could not by any possibility be scaled by a fat man. They looked back over their shoulders at the enormous picture with its dead and dying. It seemed to them that the smoke clouds moved. They began to curse sickeningly.

"Bring your Burgess, and you'll get what's coming to you! You fool! Open this door! We couldn't be held for a minute. Not a second. Damn you! Open the door!"

Old Evans stood facing them. One of them might have a revolver, but Evans was past caring for revolvers. His soul was sick and he was filled at the same time with rage. It was true, alas! that they could not be held. What they said boldly in defense of Germany was only what others hinted. Nothing could be done to them. The Burgess would have to let them go unpunished, even though he would long to imprison them. Tears came into Evans's eyes.

Then old Evans had a second thought. There are hours when a man must make his own laws. Relentlessly he walked through the vestibule and closed the outer door. When that was shut, not a sound could be heard, neither a cry nor a curse.

"There'll be a full moon," said Evans to himself, as he crossed the street. "After a while it'll shine on 'Death on a pale horse.' They can get water if they're thirsty and if they have sense enough to open the closet door. I guess it's a long time since they drank water."

Across the street there was the sound of pounding, and the carpenter Alec Dimmet looked down from the roof of his new porch. He stood like Thor, hammer in hand, grinning at the friend whom he loved.

"Alec," said Evans, "to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, when you see the Burgess coming, you go across to the Cyclorama with him and he'll give you the ten dollars we owe you."

"All right," said Alec.

"They can still get to Philadelphia by to-morrow evening," said Evans, as he went down the street.

At the blacksmith's he stopped.

"John," said he, "you go out to the Cyclorama in the morning and fix that hinge. Can you be there at nine sharp?"

"I can," said the giant blacksmith.

Before the little house where old Evans and the Burgess lived together there waited a horse and buggy ready for old Evans's annual journey to East Berlin. The Burgess stood beside it, ready to seize the sober steed if he should by any remote chance decide to lift a foot before the time.

"All ready?" asked the Burgess.

Old Evans looked up at his friend.

"Burgess, you won't fail to be at the Cyclorama in the morning?"

"I'll be there."

"Here is the key. Byers is coming at nine o'clock to fix a hinge. I guess he'll walk up with you. And Dimmet's coming for his money—ten dollars—you'll find it in the safe."

"I'll tend to it," said the Burgess.

Evans slapped the lines on the back of the old horse. He regretted the necessity for even a short hiatus in the communion between him and the Burgess. He was burning, also, with an intense curiosity. That his friends would meet successfully the situation provided for them he did not doubt.

"I had three awful men with me this afternoon," said he. "They said this was a little quarrel over a few niggers. They said everything the Germans did was right."

"I wish I had my hands on them!" said the giant Burgess.

Slowly at last the horse got under way. Old Evans looked back, his eyes gleaming.

"Burgess," said he, "about ten o'clock to-morrow morning I'll 'phone up."

BACK IN AN "EMPTY"

(BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY)

BY RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

OF THE VIGILANTES

IT ought to give me a queer feeling. I haven't seen a woman for nearly a week, except that all-too-familiar one of whom I catch glimpses in the mirror over my wash-basin.

First place, no woman is allowed to be the only woman on a troop-ship.

Second place, I am the only woman on this troop-ship, and I have managed to get through the danger zone and approach the Gulf Stream without seeing the least other sign of femininity.

All the food has been bought, prepared, and served by men. We have had turkey and cranberry sauce, hot cakes and syrup, home-made white bread, and chocolate cake and ice-cream—and I've not missed a meal.

The decks have been swabbed down by men, and, as a housewife, I pronounce them clean.

The movies are run by men.

The entire life is a man's life, with phrases like: "Look here, sonny, don't you know the U. S. Navy provides you with a piece of oilskin to keep the paint off your uniform? If you think a minute, you'll realize that you're wasting Government property. What's your name? Go below and get the oilskin at once." And from one of the sailors: "Hey, Norris, better get those buckets emptied. Exec.'s coming around at eleven."

To tell the truth, I have almost come to forget that I am not a man myself.

A few weeks ago I was at a port in France that belongs to the Navy of the United States, with the co-operation of the French navy. One night I went to a prize-fight—my first—among bluejackets in the navy theater. "Lady and gentlemen," was the way the announcements were made. A Navy orchestra played—very well, I thought. I complimented the officer in command.

"It's pretty good now," he said. "But the men have been practicing hard. The Admiral won't let them ashore until he's

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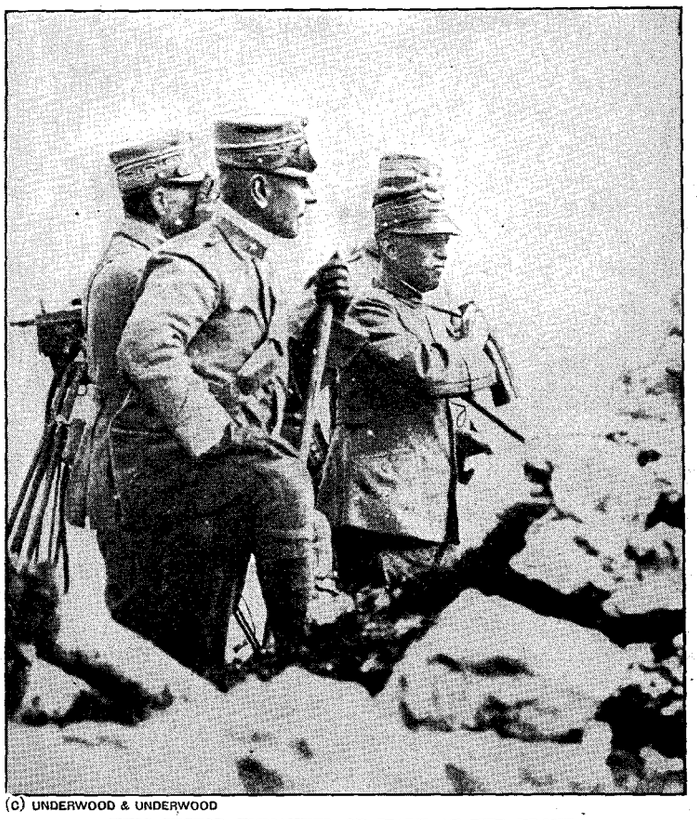
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



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KING VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY AT THE FRONT

CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

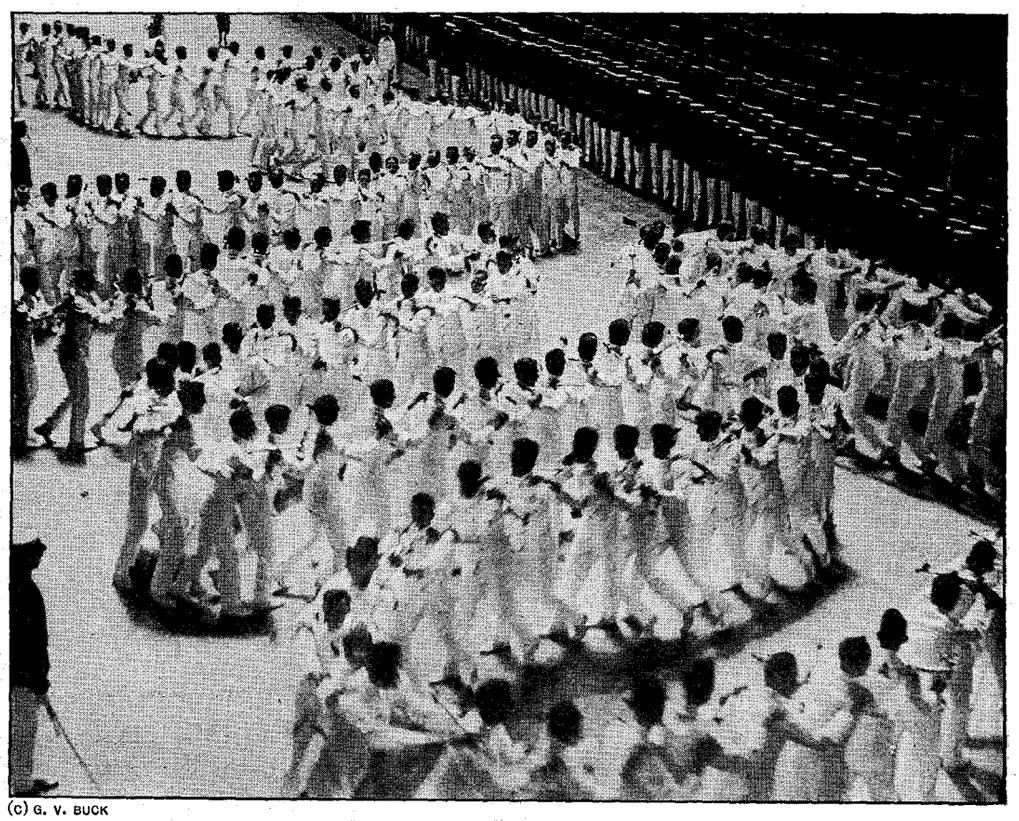
A BIG ITALIAN GUN BEHIND THE LINES

ITALY DEFENDING HERSELF AGAINST THE HUN INVADERS

(c) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

CHINESE CADET IN THE WEST POINT GRADUATING CLASS

Ken Wang, a Chinaman, was one of the class of 1919, which graduated a year ahead of its time. Ken Wang ranked twelfth in his class



(c) G. V. BUCK

THE SNAKE DANCE OF THE ANNAPOLIS GRADUATES

The picture shows the graduates of the United States Naval Academy at the recent Commencement going through the fascinating evolutions of the "snake dance," which always calls forth the plaudits of the spectators. Like the corresponding class at the Military Academy at West Point, this class, because of the war, graduated a year ahead of the normal time. It numbered one less than two hundred members

PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF THE GRADUATING EXERCISES OF OUR ARMY AND NAVY TRAINING SCHOOLS

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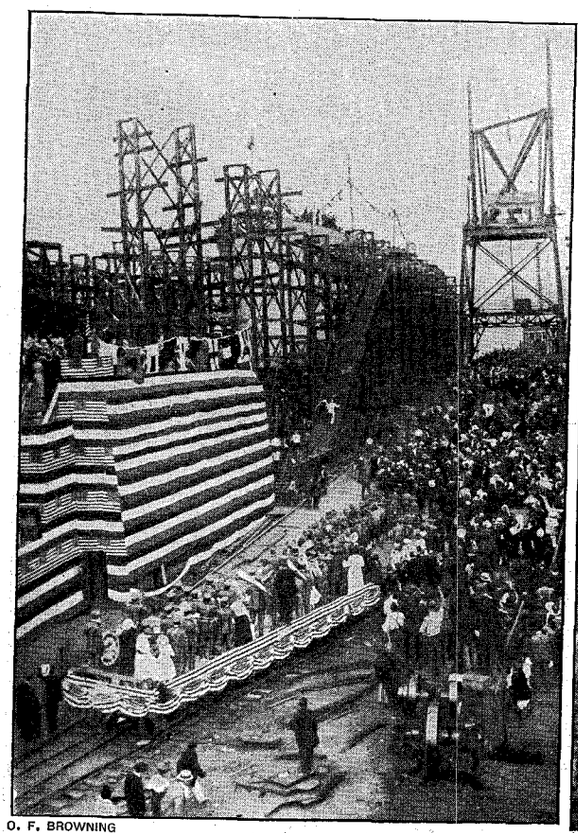
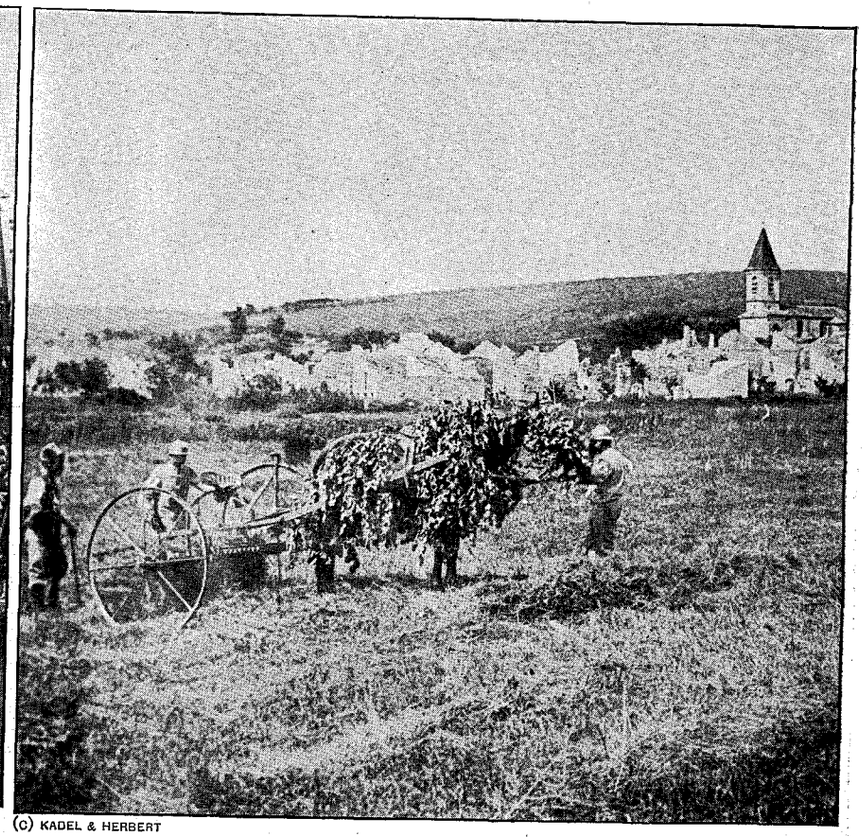


O. F. BROWNING

THE "LIBERTY," THE BIGGEST NEW SHIP

The Liberty was launched June 19 at Kearny, N. J. In the picture she is seen back of the scaffolding. She is the first of thirty new steel ships, and is 410 feet long



(C) KADEL & HERBERT

A CAMOUFLAGED HORSE IN A FRENCH HAY-FIELD

French soldiers who return to their homes near the front to do farm work find it a wise precaution to camouflage their horses with leaves, as in the illustration, to keep them from being seen by enemy aviators

INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

97, BUT STILL AT WORK—AN EXAMPLE TO SLACKERS

The picture shows a shipyard worker, A. J. Babcock, said to be 97 years old, but actively employed in shipyards at Tacoma, Washington. Though once the owner of a shipyard, he offered his services at the humble task of spinning oakum and is at his post daily

PAUL THOMPSON

FRENCH CHILDREN MADE HAPPY BY AMERICA'S GENEROSITY IN A VILLAGE NEAR THE FIGHTING ZONE

The children have been supplied with toys by the American Fund for French Wounded and the Red Cross. They live in a war district. It is pleasant to note the well-nourished appearance of these children, and Americans can feel a not unworthy pride in reflecting that this is perhaps in a measure due to their own sacrifices in saving wheat and meat for our allies. The confident appearance of the *poilus* in the background is also reassuring to their American friends

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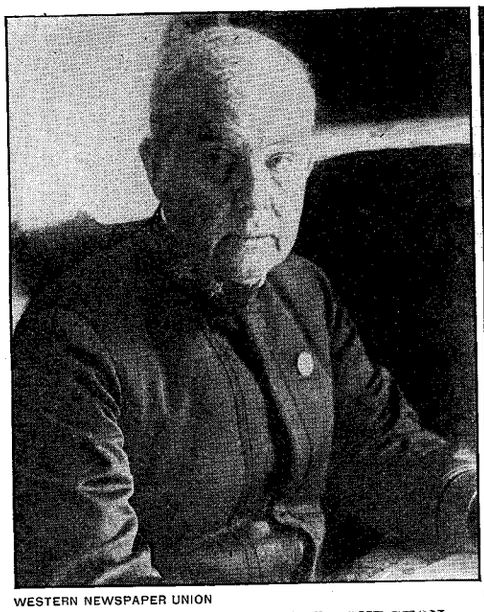
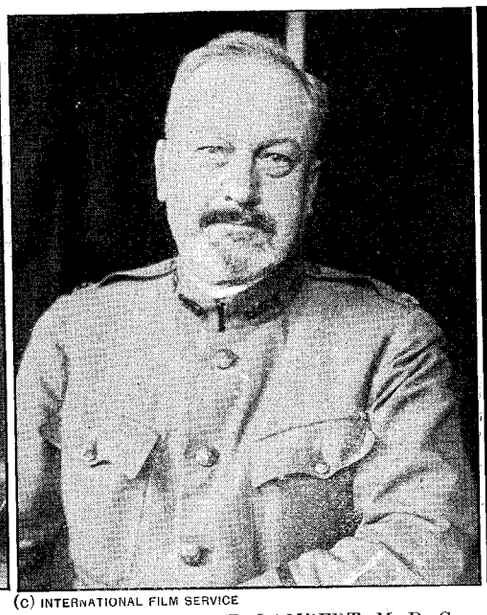


WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

ADMIRAL W. C. BRAISTED, SURGEON-GENERAL OF THE U. S. NAVY

At the annual Convention of the American Medical Association in Chicago, the Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy, Admiral Braisted, told of the admirable health condition of the fleet



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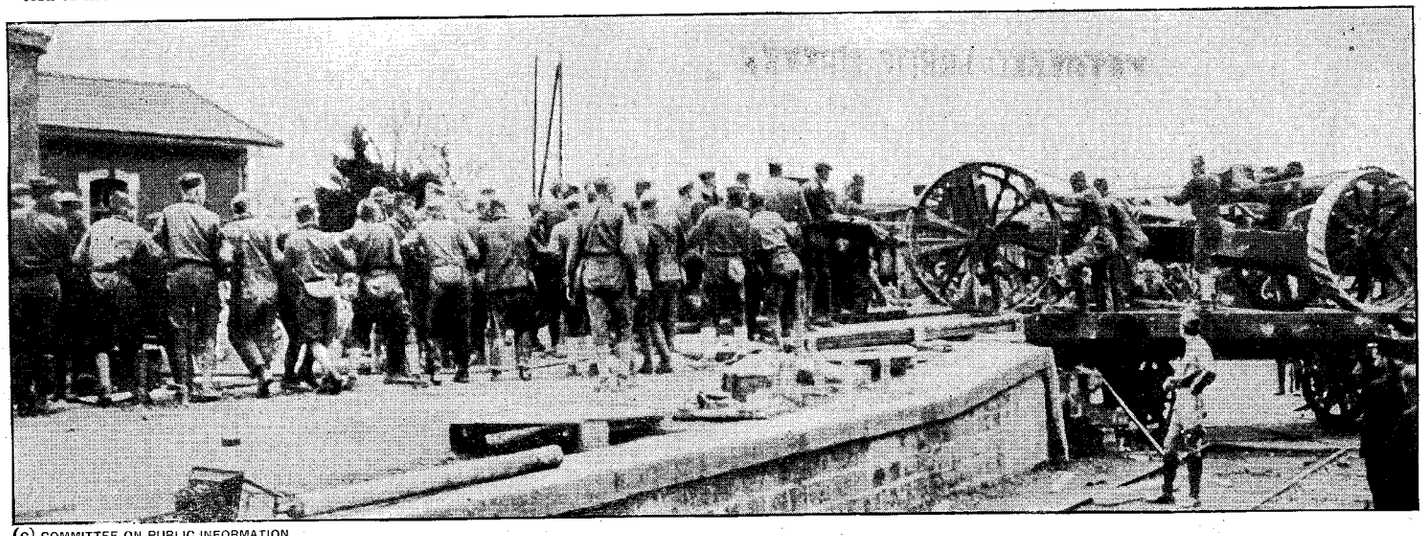
MAJOR ALEXANDER LAMBERT, M. R. C., U. S. ARMY

Widely known as a physician, Major Lambert, who has led the American forces of the Red Cross in France, was elected President of the American Medical Association at its recent annual Convention. See editorial comment

PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT

General Liggett will, it is announced, be the commander of the first American Field Army when it is organized as a unit for action at the front in France



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AMERICAN TROOPS BRINGING UP ARTILLERY IN FRANCE TO RESIST THE GERMAN DRIVE

(c) COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

AMERICAN SIGNAL CORPS MEN CARRYING WIRE FOR ESTABLISHING COMMUNICATIONS TO ADVANCED POSITIONS ON THE FRENCH FRONT

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sure they can play well enough for him not to be ashamed of them. They're still under lock and key. The Admiral's not heard them yet, and they're good and anxious about that first time."

I went to the Navy hospital. It had been a Carmelite convent, unsuited to hospital methods of any sort, especially American. It had been completely overhauled. I admired certain innovations.

"Yes," agreed the physician. "We put those in particularly because of the Admiral. He's very proud of this hospital; and we have to live up to his faith in us."

On a bed a rather white Filipino attracted my attention.

"He's the Admiral's mess-boy. We just operated on him. He'll be here several weeks more. It was a pretty delicate operation, especially as we knew the Admiral would never forgive us if anything happened to his mess-boy."

"You mustn't forget about the show at the Opera-House tonight," a bluejacket smiled to me one morning. "Our ship's giving it, and the French Admiral and ours are going to have the two center boxes. Tell you what, ours enjoys a good show."

This was the attitude of that port, which is, in reality, our naval front in France, yet in no respect imposes its authority so as to injure the *liaison* with the French navy. I began to see how the French and American navies worked together, and how the respect of our own Admiral and his staff for the French was reflected in the commonest seaman. I gained a wholesome admiration for the French navy, handicapped though it is for men and materials, and for ours. I saw, so far as a woman may, the business of our destroyers, of our little converted yachts, of the mine-sweepers and hydro-airplanes, and, through it all, directing it, guiding it, the kindly, firm arm of Admiral Wilson, a hand that touches everything from the search for submarines to questions of uniforms, from praise of his commanders to praise of his bluejackets.

"I never saw such a democratic navy!" his orderly grumbled one night when the Admiral helped a bluejacket who had been dining with him on with his coat—his orderly, who had been until last spring a student at Lehigh University, and had joined the navy of any nation only a brief six months ago.

Perhaps it was democratic, too, when I asked if I might somehow see it in the working, and, after extenuating circumstances were presented, was finally permitted to come aboard this "empty" and cross the Atlantic as one of the troops, or—I wonder—as a temporarily accredited correspondent of the United States Navy.

Traveling officially, I and my war dog and my luggage were driven from the hotel in a battleship-gray motor car to the dock. I was expected, and was shown at once to my cabin—the only one that boasts of a bath, and is usually occupied by the general or colonel in command of troops.

Though I was expected, I found that the dog was not. Dogs are put dismally into the hold of liners; here, with no provision for them, it was suggested that I keep him in my bath-room. I had to hunt up the galley to see about his "chow."

So we started. The ship, with no preliminary warning, slid away from her dock. We were accompanied by destroyers and balloons, with the same precautions as if we had carried thousands of troops.

Below, in the galley, I found a place full of Filipinos in white suits. They were very curious about the dog and my explanation of his food. We had to find a dish large enough, and, as a butter-dish was offered me first, and my dog is nearly as large as a Great Dane, we proceeded by graduated process until we finally rose to a salad-bowl. Meanwhile I looked about me. Everything was clean, there were no odors and no excess food about—in fact, the kind of kitchen one always hopes one's hotel possesses.

"But you mustn't trust those Filipinos too much," a cautious steward advised me. "They forget to do things regularly sometimes; and, you see," he whispered, "most of them were swinging in their trees until a few months ago."

As the only woman, I frankly felt a little shy at first. There were in all, I should guess, four hundred men on the ship, crew included. I had a few early moments when I wondered if it would not have been more pleasant had there been some stray Red Cross nurse aboard. A number of months ago I had been in England, where the Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps asked me to start their publicity work. In order to do this I had become a temporary member of the Waacs, and had purchased their military uniform of khaki—a uniform both sensible and inconspicuous. I decided to wear this for the entire trip.

We were carrying back to America casuals, mostly officers sent for ill health, under charges, as instructors, and for other home duty. At first my only way of differentiating them was by the silver eagle or gold leaf or the bars on their shoulders; it was several days before I separated the faces.

During the first days also we were more or less concealed by our life-jackets and canteens, which we wore day and night—and which made my luxury of a bath-room a mere aggravation. Then, little by little, the horror or annoyance or curiosity I created wore away. The dog was a conversation-opener; he would speak first, and he could not tell the difference by insignia, as I could; the skipper and a second-class seaman were the same to him; he did not even distinguish between a sanitary colonel and a colored stevedore.

Our transport is one of the smaller ones, compared with Leviathan standards; but she is, according to the crew at least, the best in the service. Certainly she is the fastest, is oil-burning, and therefore shows no smoke or dust, and, as the chief engineer puts it, "sits in the water like a big destroyer." She is long and slim and gray, and imitates the destroyers by having a roll of 23 degrees. In a heavy sea she can be—well, active. Mechanically she is very beautiful—*not German;* she has an immaculate engine-room, no black gang, and several big guns. In fact, if you leave her decks and cabins and bridge and go inside, you find that what she really is is nothing but a huge floating engine-room more or less camouflaged as a boat.

"Last time we shot all the guns at one go," I was unofficially told, "she vibrated so that one of her papermash doors was smashed in."

It took me several seconds to decode "papermash."

Among the returning officers my eyes gradually fastened on a large, upstanding man with major's marks. He was playing an impromptu tennis with rope-quoits when I first caught sight of him, and his infantry fore-and-aft cap was on sideways. At last, in spite of his off-duty garb, I recognized him for a major I had met away back last November in a muddy American camp town. He had shown me through his village, and we had slopped our way from ancient barn to ancient barn, billet to billet—tents in some to keep the openwork roofs from deluging the sleepers.

"And what d'you think"—I remembered his indignantly asking me at that time—"the farmers here actually complain that my soldiers keep their sheep awake nights by talking too loud!"

More up-to-date yarns were in progress now. A colonel was telling about our salvage workers, who imitate the British on a large scale; one heard the inside stories of certain raids; the French methods were now censured, now praised; there were incidents of bravery on the part of cooks; and there was the terrible tangle of prestige, in which, fortunately, I was not concerned. It must have been a trial to arrange the seating at table exactly according to rank, in order to avoid injured dignity.

"Are you a real soldier?" I heard an artilleryman ask a Red Cross lieutenant. "I mean, have you had cooties?"

And he showed his arm with the marks of bites.

"No; I haven't got them now," the artilleryman laughed. "Two coal-oil baths and one with carbolic soap, and new clothes from head to toe, did the trick." He caught my eye. "Oh," he said, "you mustn't put them down to uncleanliness. They're just *there.*"

"Yes," commented a naval man; "I guess that's why, on a destroyer, when we rescue men from those trawlers, we first of all have to give them a bath in bichloride; otherwise we'd swarm."

As the danger zone disappeared behind us, the crew came more in evidence. There was plenty of work, but with so few passengers and the passing of that week of anxiety of a return journey through the danger zone, a little relaxation was possible. Indeed, the strain would be unbearable if these boys were not allowed a few hours now and then. It was interesting to notice,

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too, the difference between these men and the crews on peace-time liners. In the merchant service the ship was run for the purpose of providing speed and luxury for the passengers and making money for the company; the crew were only the civil servants of the proprietors, and kept in the background. Here, though the crew did the manual work of running the ship—did everything from plumbing to wigwagging, from polishing brass to etching identity disks—they belong to the Navy, and not to a private company; those enlisted within the year have enlisted to fight; the ship is "in the zone of the navies," and these are the sailors' trenches. We passengers are guests in a besieged house.

Three months ago most of the men in the engine-room had never been to sea. Now the chief engineer wouldn't trade them for any in the Navy. They are expert oil-burners. They have come from all grades of life and all parts of the country. Here is a bank clerk from New Orleans, and there an Indian from Colorado.

The former sun-parlors of a liner are now crew's quarters. There the men mess at long tables, and I think theirs was the same as ours—officers' mess; but I may be mistaken. Anyhow, I have seen them eating very large pieces of pie, and their beef and onions smelled appetizing when I had to walk through there yesterday to avoid the paint. I know they have plenty of coffee, for we all have it three times a day; and I suspect that the ice-cream freezer, a recent acquisition, has tried out its ice-cream on them as well as on us.

On sunny afternoons some of them appear on deck, in the large open space astern. Then, for a few hours, you see them over by the swinging boats, unprotected by a rail, many barefoot, sleeping face up in the sun, or—if the less skillful soldiers have not lost it overboard—balancing themselves while they pass a medicine ball, or practicing wigwagging with colored flags. Just behind them you see their blouses and shirts and drawers—which they themselves have washed—waving on swaying ropes and fastened, not by clothespins, but by tie-ties.

"I was with the Grand Fleet until two trips ago," one man told me. "I may be going back again any time. Two of our crew lately came off the destroyers."

Another man sorrowfully confessed that with the utmost difficulty he had had himself transferred from the "mother ship," stationed at base headquarters abroad, to the transport service, just to see his best girl in America, and now, after two round trips, he hadn't seen her. The first time they had landed at an unexpected port in order to pick up troops, and the next they had drawn lots for liberty, and he'd lost out.

The thing that is hard for the soldier element to realize is that, though their own sea danger passes, the danger of the sailor continues constantly, and, in proportion to their numbers, more sailors risk their lives than soldiers. It is as if a sailor were taken as a guest once, close to the trenches, in order to transfer him from one locality to another, whereas the khaki fighting-man sticks to his trenches; that is the analogy. And added to the unnatural dangers of Fritz, which beset both soldier and sailor, are, on the sea, those ever-present threats of nature herself.

Then there is the monotony, that ceaseless monotony of intermingled safety and danger, now in packed quarters, now in empty ones, the latter soon to be changed by the advent of the wounded permanently discharged from the army; so many bedridden, so many tubercular, so many insane, and so many convalescent, to be looked after and saved at all costs by the Navy; each trip a recurrence of the last, each with its horizon full of possible periscopes; and, gradually acquired from being told by each set of fresh soldiers, voyage after voyage, that they are going to clean up the war in no time, the attitude of the bluejackets that they themselves are really doing nothing worthy of home consideration. I have never met such modesty as the modesty of the sailor. Back and forth, with that never-ending strain of work and personal risk, and they hardly know they are doing anything brave.

It is the repetitions that are wearing—for instance, the repetition of fumigation. After each unloading of troops every bunk of the several thousands must be overhauled, each mattress brought out on deck and stuffed into the fumigator and steamed for at least fifteen minutes.

"Guess that'll roast all the bedbugs," I heard a sailor cheerfully comment while he was working with them.

There is, too, the sudden interruption of sleep and regular duties; the summoning of the crew in their life-jackets and their long gray-hooded sweaters that transform them into swiftly moving, silent monks to boat drill in the dark night while the passengers sleep, in the day as the passengers look on idly. And those passengers either watch curiously and laugh at the nimble scramblings over ropes and into the boats or glue their eyes on the crew's action with horrified fascination.

"Would you mind moving back a little?" one of the gun crew said to an army major who was carelessly smoking beside an open hatch. "That's full of ammunition, you know, and—"

He didn't have to finish. The major bounded back ten feet.

I was surprised at the youth of the crew; they might still be a lot of high school juniors. The average age, I learned, is twenty-two years, and, "since a number of the men have grown old in the service, that means that a good many are kids."

"But"—and I agreed with the chief gunner—"they're pretty nice youngsters. Two-thirds of them enlisted after we declared war, and all my gun crew are new hands. I've kept them constantly at it, so that now there isn't one that's gun-shy.

"That? Oh, they're getting up their shore gunnery for a funeral. The first member of the crew died last trip. We've got him aboard. His family don't know about it yet."

Last night I stood alone for an hour on the boat deck. The sea rippled in the wake of a crescent moon—we ourselves made no wake—the dark masts of the ship and her stacks moved away from a line of stars only enough to make you know the ship breathed. There was no smoke, no noise except the rustle of the water against our sides, like a woman's taffeta petticoat. Not a boat in the vast circle of sea, unless it were those phosphorescent jellyfish with sails that they call Portuguese men-of-war, not a periscope, not a danger; navigation was unhampered and war was for the moment out of reach of our ears.

Below, in the smoking-room, I knew that forty-odd army officers were laughing at Sidney Drew as he chased his pet mouse, or Madge Kennedy as she tried to remarry a husband that strenuous scenario circumstances had estranged from her. I knew that they were discussing the newest musical comedies on Broadway, considering hotels, wondering about leave, and wording telegrams.

The chief gunner had "got slept up" after his ceaseless watch in the danger zone; the chief engineer was counting his barrels of oil to speculate on the speed he could allow—he had gallantly refused to take advantage of five thousand barrels in France when he realized how short France was; the chief surgeon had no more cases of appendicitis to operate on; the paymaster was making out his mess bills of a dollar a day; the soldiers were rehearsing their stories of heroism; the bluejackets, who lay in their hammocks, were dreaming of "liberty" and wondering if they would get any; while, on the bridge, the skipper quietly guided the transport. Submarines, mines, the lack of lights, engine trouble, and ice would be no excuse—he personally was responsible; and he was already thinking of the pile of official documents awaiting him, as usual, on his arrival: orders, reports, requests for reports, new doctrine, change of course, slight repairs and alterations. He was already thinking, too, of his return journey.

"I suppose," he said, "we're more of a troop-ship than any of the others, because we can carry more troops per cubic space than they can, and, so far, our round trips hold the record. Our return voyages, too, are entirely prepared for our conversion into a hospital ship. But the chief engineer is right; you mustn't think of us as a transport in the ordinary sense at all. What you've been traveling on is really a big destroyer—the biggest destroyer in our Navy."

My dog no longer wears his life-preserver; neither do I. The novelty of being the only woman aboard has worn away, and no one, I believe, particularly remembers it. There's no more chance of seasickness in a sea like a dancing-floor. But I shall always remember that no liner could give me the feeling of personal security that this troop-ship has given me, and that, though accident might occur anywhere, I have never crossed the ocean with such efficient protection as this time, when, under the official auspices of the United States Navy, I am soon to be brought safely to that haven where I would be.

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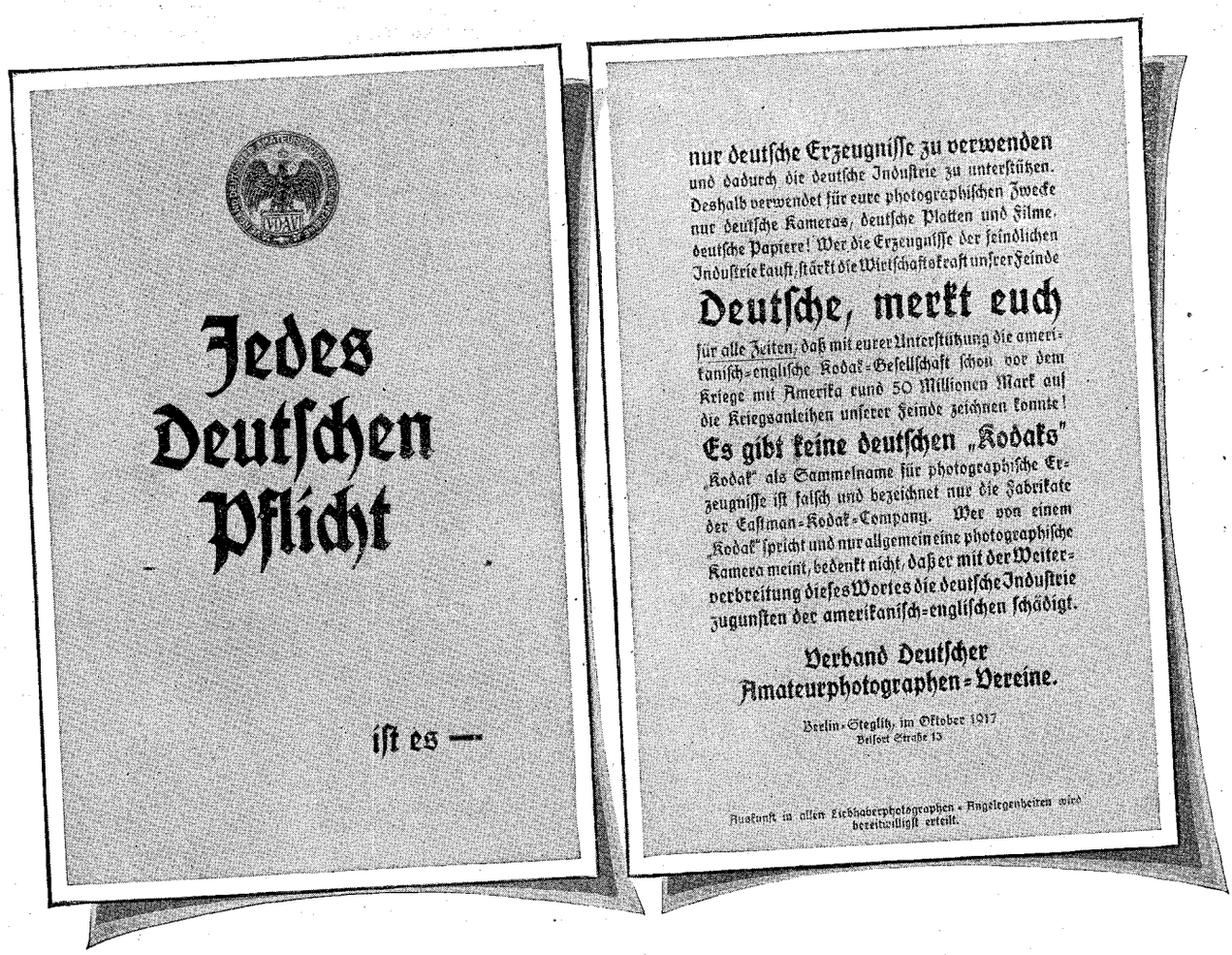
To the People of Germany they said:



Jedes
Deutschen
Pflicht

ist es —

nur deutsche Erzeugnisse zu verwenden und dadurch die deutsche Industrie zu unterstützen. Deshalb verwendet für eure photographischen Zwecke nur deutsche Kameras, deutsche Platten und Filme, deutsche Papiere! Wer die Erzeugnisse der feindlichen Industrie kauft, stärkt die Wirtschaftskraft unserer Feinde

Deutsche, merkt euch

für alle Zeiten, daß mit eurer Unterstützung die amerikanisch-englische Kodak-Gesellschaft schon vor dem Kriege mit Amerika rund 50 Millionen Mark auf die Kriegsanleihen unserer Feinde zeichnen konnte!

Es gibt keine deutschen „Kodaks"

„Kodak" als Sammelname für photographische Erzeugnisse ist falsch und bezeichnet nur die Fabrikate der Eastman-Kodak-Company. Wer von einem „Kodak" spricht und nur allgemein eine photographische Kamera meint, bedenkt nicht, daß er mit der Weiterverbreitung dieses Wortes die deutsche Industrie zugunsten der amerikanisch-englischen schädigt.

Verband Deutscher Amateurphotographen-Vereine.

Berlin-Steglitz, im Oktober 1917
Beloser Straße 13

Auskunft in allen Liebhaberphotographen-Angelegenheiten wird bereitwilligst erteilt.

The illustration shows a pamphlet signed by the Association of German Amateur Photographers' Societies and dated Berlin, October, 1917. It is reproduced from a photographic copy lately received in this country. The translation in full is given on opposite page.

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